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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 7, 1940
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Vol. CLXII No. 2120 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 7 1940

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For Conditions of Sale and Supply of The Sphere *see bottom of last page of text.*

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 6

Are you collecting these useful advertisements? Start now and pin them up in your kitchen.

IF you eat more than you need, you are wasting food as surely as if you had thrown it away. So eat what you need, but no more. Buy wisely and cater strictly. For your health's sake, as well as your country's, remember that "enough is better than a feast."

Save food! Save money! Save cargo space for munitions!

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HOW TO STORE CARROTS.

The secret of storing carrots is in lifting them (pulling them up) in good condition. Lift them during dry weather, not later than the middle of October. *Reject all blemished carrots and all damaged or forked roots.* It is not necessary to clean them, but be careful to see they are quite dry.

You will need a dry shed for your storing, if possible with a stone or concrete floor, and some slightly moist sand. If you cannot get sand, earth, taken from the top of the ground, shaken through a *very* fine sieve and slightly moistened, is the best substitute.

Lay alternate rows of carrots and sand (or earth), either on the ground, in a pyramid shape, or in boxes. Cover your pyramid or box with sand (or earth). Put over it a layer of straw as a safeguard against frost. The carrots should be stored crown to tail in rows. Use the carrots as you require them, but take care that the remaining pile is always well covered. It is a wise plan to rebuild your pyramid at least once during the winter.

HOW TO DRY RUNNER BEANS

Select young fresh beans. Top, tail and string. Slice each bean into three. Dip in boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain. Dry on a muslin-covered rack *until quite crisp* in intense sunlight, or in a hot airing cupboard or in a very slow oven (not more than 120°F) with door ajar, or on a muslin hammock, suspended over a heat storage cooker. Store beans in bags in a dry place. Soak overnight before using.

CAULIFLOWER LEAVES.

Always ask your greengrocer for the *leaves* of the cauliflower. As well as being rich in vitamins, the leaves

taste delicious. Cook and serve them with the cauliflower, or have them as a separate vegetable next day.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

What should be your war-time nightcap?

FOR one reason or another, almost all of us have an extra strain to bear nowadays.

You may be working overtime: this imposes a physical and a nervous strain

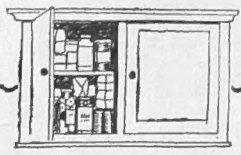
upon you. If, like so many people these days, you have also to endure emotional stress you have a further burden. And all of us have to armour ourselves against the general war "nerviness" that crops up now and then in the form of short-tempered irritability, or acute tiredness.

Our best defence is to have deep, healing sleep. Nothing is so restorative as a good night's sleep. Yet more than anything else — except actual air-raid conditions — it is this nervous tautness that prevents sleep, or, even when you "drop-off" keeps you uneasily on the surface of sleep. This is why, in wartime, your choice of a nightcap is especially important.

You will find that, after a cup of hot Horlicks last thing, you get the deep, sound sleep that is truly restoring. Unlike stimulants, which naturally tend to aggravate wakefulness, Horlicks has a soothing and quietening effect. In addition, Horlicks has the advantage of being highly nourishing, and so easy to digest that it puts no strain on the stomach during sleep. Horlicks is made from wheat, malted barley and pure full-cream milk — one of the best "protective" foods.

* * *

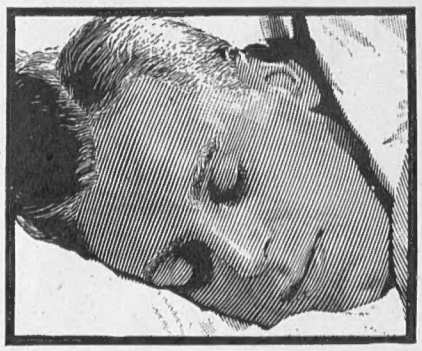
Let Horlicks help you to get good, truly restorative sleep *tonight*. Make it your regular nightcap, and see how it helps you stand the strain. For when you get the good sleep and the extra nourishment that Horlicks gives, you will be able to take both work and worry in your stride. Start tonight! Prices are the same as pre-war: from 2/-. Mixers from 6d. At chemists and grocers.



EMERGENCY STORE

The keeping qualities of Horlicks, combined with those already referred to, make it one of the most valuable of all foods for the emergency store cupboard. Even after it has been opened, Horlicks will keep in perfect condition if the screw-top is firmly replaced on the bottle. This is a great advantage especially when you remember that Horlicks contains milk, is naturally sweet and is therefore very valuable in an emergency.

In order to ensure that a supply of Horlicks will always be available for people even in an emergency, depots have been established at 50 strategic points throughout the country. Large stocks of Horlicks are safely stored at these depots and will be drawn on whenever necessary.



HORLICKS

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 7, 1940

The KING and the "BOCHE BUSTER"

Seated on a Bench in a Shed, the King and Queen Watch a Demonstration of Heavy Artillery During Their Tour of the Northern Command

Last week the King and Queen continued their series of visits to the great industrial areas of Britain. They visited, among other places, a famous ship-yard in the North-West, and the super-heavy Artillery School of the Northern Command. At the latter they spent some seven hours; seated on a bench in a shed at the school they heard the story of the "Boche Buster" and of how it came into being as a result of a suggestion by King George V. The story was told by a lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Engineers to whom their Majesties are listening in the above picture. In August, 1918, said the colonel, King George V came to a 14-in. naval gun position near Arras and gave orders for the first shot to be fired at a Douai Railway junction. The late King then suggested keeping up a harassing fire, and this was done for two months. The King and Queen were shown a model of this "Boche Buster" during the course of the lecture

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 53

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

WHO SAID INVASION?—

No one disputes the historical claim that from 1801 to 1805 Napoleon dreamed and planned and hoped to bring England to her knees by invasion. A monument near Boulogne and a few towers and trench marks on the shores of Britain are visible memorials of the dream. At the end of October, 1805, an event had occurred which shattered the dream—Trafalgar. The dream was impossible without sea power. Hitler, history already claims, had the same dream. He believed that air power could play the role of sea power and make sea power of no effect. After Trafalgar Napoleon began to deny that he had had the idea of invasion. To-day Hitler's inspired press is playing the same game. "Invasion was just one more British device to raise British and to lower Nazi prestige. Anyone could see through it . . ." Why this disclaimer? Is it that the season for invasion is passing? Or has there occurred another Trafalgar? A Trafalgar fought not at sea but in the air? Sea power still holds the key to successful invasion of Britain. The Trafalgar fought above Britain in August, 1940, was perhaps a double-headed victory. It preserved our sea power and weakened Hitler's air power. But Hitler is more crafty than was Napoleon. The sea is calm, the weather fine. There is still a chance to strike us when we have dust in our eyes.

LEAFLETS.—The Government still invites us to express our opinions freely but fairly, even if those opinions differ from its own. I am bound to admit my opinion of our leaflet attacks from the air has undergone no change. I think the business hitherto has been a waste of paper, and of space better used for more convincing propaganda, and I am bound to say that, in their reactions to our last issue of paper over Berlin, the Nazis showed more civilised wit and restraint than I gave them credit for. From the start of the leaflet campaign in September of 1939 I maintained, and I still maintain, that not estimates of the might and resources of the British Empire but proofs of that might and resources alone can yet give pause to those who uphold and follow the Nazi rule of force. It is facts, not words, which will at last stimulate resistance to Hitler in Germany and in enslaved Europe. The time is not ripe for setting a wordy torch to insurrection, in any case. The Nazis are still far too strongly entrenched. What is true of the Czechs is still more true of reluctant German Nazis. Without organisation, without weapons, they and all the enslaved are still powerless to make headway against the iron rule which holds them in thrall. And yet our Government is an efficient war machine. Leaflets are drafted and dropped on Germany as a result of information obtained from reliable sources. It could not be otherwise. We are left with the reasonable conclusion that, if we knew as much as our Government knows about conditions in Germany, we should not only approve the policy of dumping leaflets with bombs but would regard the leaflets as a hopeful indication.

THE NEW ORDER.—

I can imagine that a few outstanding individuals who have practised mind-discipline for years, *can* achieve the ideal which is nowadays constantly set before us, to switch off our minds at will from the preoccupations of war, instant and general. That is to say, they manage to conduct their affairs and guide their thoughts normally in war and under actual air-raid conditions. This mind discipline is not learned in a day or a week. But, happily for ordinary mortals, it is not in fact the only way of escape from our present trials. The mind disciplinarian tells us to ration our reading and hearing of war news, to develop our peace-time interests practically, and in thoughts, to divide the day into war and "peace-time" sections and not to suffer the two sections to overlap.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FROM PENNIES: Lord Southwood, Chairman of the Red Cross Penny-a-week Fund, has just handed to the acting Lord Mayor a cheque for £100,000, which he has gathered penny by penny—an astonishing demonstration of what can be achieved by small donations when the collection is stimulated by imaginative methods. Lord Southwood is here seen actually signing this large cheque

Some of these rules we can all force ourselves to obey. We can cut out the "one o'clock" and the "six o'clock"; we can read only one sober journal; we can avoid the meeting places of rumour and so on. But then it becomes more difficult. We may take down our bird-books, or gardening books, or stamp albums or what-not, but can we, if we were twenty times as strong-minded, make our minds drink of the clean water? There's the rub. We try; we must go on trying; practice will show an advance. But the ideal is hard to attain. Luckily, as I say, there is another way of escape. I believe there is nothing so oppressive but a man can become habituated and inured to it, and, needless to say, that applies to woman and child also. What we have achieved in habituating our minds to distressing and dangerous and exciting war conditions has been done (by most of us) not by mind-discipline but by familiarity and boredom, which breed contempt.

SPEECHES THAT LIVE.—

An Eton boy the other day asked my advice on the choice of a speech for his declamation before the Provost and headmaster. His question took up some time and I feel justified in getting back some of the time I lost by noting down one or two of my conclusions. I find that political speeches and speeches of abuse almost always *date*. They only survive if they go beyond their times and occasions to universal truths and high ideals. (For example, Pitt's famous words after Trafalgar.) My search convinced me that a speech has the ephemeral life of an epigram or an example of wit. It depends on its context. It dies and fades quicker even than a moderate "period" novel—unless it contains those essential germs. I judge that of the orators of our day, those who will survive longest in examples of contemporary oratory are King George V, Lord Baldwin and Mr. Churchill. The late King's broadcasts at Christmas, Lord Baldwin on England and Worcestershire, and some of Mr. Churchill's 1940 war speeches will live long beyond their days.

H. G. PAYMENT.—

No doubt there is something to be said for payments to the Home Guard. Those who serve for long continuous periods certainly are justified in claiming to be recouped for their outlay on necessary meals. The methods of safeguarding such payments are at present so intolerably vexatious that the system is reduced to absurdity. A man may "earn" up to 9s. in a given month; on an average in the first period covered by the payment system he earned 3s. Before the claims of personnel, qualified for payments, can be sent in, a printed list in duplicate must be sent round (in some districts) an area of 10 square miles to secure the signature in duplicate (receipt in advance) of every qualified H.G. The section or platoon leader's receipt is not acceptable to the Pay Department. That implies for Section Commanders an appalling waste of energy and petrol. In country areas, while the "alarm" system is efficiently arranged, there is no central "office" or orderly room where the men regularly attend or meet to read notices and to transact business. In town units, it is different. Proof positive that those at the top think of H.G. matters in terms of towns and barracks. Proof positive that all matters and ideas affecting H.G. should radiate upwards and not downwards. No two platoons enjoy the same set of conditions.

NATURE RESERVES.—

We do a little in the way of nature reserves to protect in peace-time from the ravages of big-game hunters and holiday marauders the fauna and flora of the Empire. A convention on the same lines for the young of homo sapiens might be worth attempting before another war! Here are the cardinal points: (1) Every signatory nation shall reserve in its territory an area of land sufficient to hold its estimated population of young children. (2) That territory must be kept free of main line railways, trunk roads and industrial undertakings capable of being converted to war production of any kind. (3) In time of war no military camps or aerodromes or guns or concentrations or centres of troops shall be permitted in the area, which will be strictly demilitarised. (4) The area must not approach within thirty miles of the sea coast. (5) In the event of war, the area will be supervised by a committee of enemy and neutral observers, and children will be moved within it with an adequate supply of adults, attendants, medical officers and school teachers. (6) All signatory nations agree that such clearly demarcated areas will be held sacred and outside the area of military operations by land or from the air, so long as the supervising committee report that the conditions precedent are being honoured. This big idea would work—among civilised nations. Like all big ideas, it is simplicity itself! Think of the glories of that nature reserve into which we should in peace-time naturally concentrate all that was highest and noblest in our national genius in all the arts. And think what a rush there would be among adults to qualify for a post of responsibility in the reserve. True, if all the belligerents in a war were civilised, there would be no need for such a reserve. There would be no bombing and machine-gunning of civilians, women and children. Indescriminate bombing, which we are now "enjoying," results from one of two things: Orders from Nazi headquarters or cowardice on the part of Nazi airmen. Legitimate military objectives, as has been proved by the R.A.F., can be located under bad weather conditions and accurately bombed if the airmen are prepared to descend to 5,000 ft. into the barrage.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

—The late Duke of Bedford was little known to the general public, though he had given long and valuable service to his own county. He did not care for Society and detested publicity. As Lord Herbrand Russell, he was on Lord Dufferin's vice-regal staff when he met Miss Mary Tribe, daughter of the Archdeacon of Lahore. They were married at Barrackpore in January, 1888. Three years later his father died, and in 1893 he succeeded to the dukedom on the death of his elder brother. It was the four years' war which made the Duchess a public figure. With the Duke's generous assistance she created a model war hospital at Woburn, and when the war was over, she continued the work at a smaller hospital in the village, reserved for surgical cases. She found time to take up flying late in life, and her fame as a pioneer in the air is still freshly remembered. Even before the war she had become known as a field naturalist and her notes and observations of bird-life added much valuable data to that branch of knowledge. She was indeed an outstanding woman, versatile to an extraordinary degree, with an energy, courage and will-power of a remarkable kind. Her great achievements and spectacular flights made of her a public figure of perennial interest to the press. Yet it would be very misleading to dismiss the Duke of Bedford as "the husband of the flying Duchess." He was very much more important. Much of the Duchess's success was due to the Duke. He admired her immensely and so far from being a survival from the Age of Privilege, he was indeed in advance of his age. It was easy to be misled as to his character. He kept up at Woburn a "medieval state" which latterly suggested a "museum piece." Yet to a man so rich, a few thousands spent here and there meant nothing at all. He was a great gentleman, a great and far-sighted landlord, and a liberal-minded, well-informed man.

BLACK-OUT PROBLEMS AGAIN.—

A year ago we spent uncounted hours putting our houses in order, erecting defences against the enemy, light. These defences were amateur efforts, for materials were hard to find. As winter approached, we improved them here and there, but a sense of security, bred of immunity from air attack, diluted our energy and we came through to the daylight again with many gimcrack devices still in place and many cracks in our armour. And now the business comes up again in far more urgent form. The brown paper has torn away, those once precious drawing pins have fallen out, the tape loops have frayed, the blue paint is cracking on the bulbs. How we re-echo our wish that we lived in a Victorian house, possessed of dingy plush curtains and those wooden window shutters which carried burglar bells. "Blacking-out for the night" is a long and elaborate business of each day and we have done all too little in the interval to render it less so. Skylights are still an unsolved problem. No device—and I have tried many—will adequately protect from light-filtration a skylight set in a recessed square in the ceiling. The plaster will not hold supports, and three-ply wood cannot be cut to the exact measurement which combines ease of manipulation with safety. Yet behind that skylight vital domestic work must be done in the winter evenings. THE OLD STAGER

The PREMIER on the KENT COAST

His Inspection of the Towns of Dover and Ramsgate

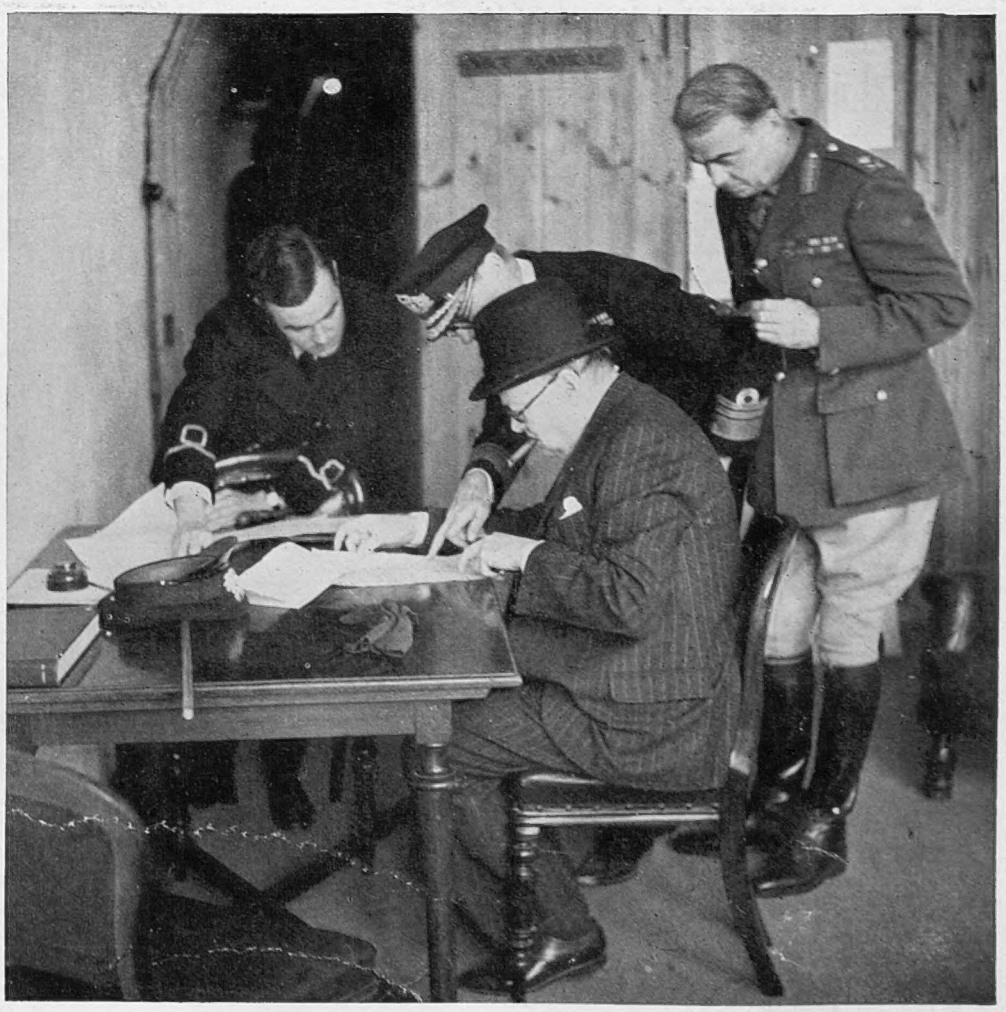
ANOTHER HAT FOR MR. CHURCHILL'S COLLECTION: THE PRIME MINISTER REPLACES HIS FAMOUS "JOHN BULL" HAT WITH A STEEL HELMET DURING HIS VISIT TO RAMSGATE AND DOVER

WHILST THE PRIME MINISTER WAS AT RAMSGATE THERE WAS AN AIR RAID WARNING: LED BY THE MAYOR, HE PROCEEDED TO THE FAMOUS TUNNELS WHERE HE WAS WARMLY CHEERED BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE TAKING COVER

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL LEAVING A SMALL HOTEL AT RAMSGATE WHICH HAD BEEN WRECKED AN HOUR OR TWO EARLIER

Last week Mr. Winston Churchill paid a visit to the Kent Coast, and in particular the two towns of Dover and Ramsgate, which have borne so much of the fighting up to the present. The Premier inspected the air raid damage at these two towns and met many of the local A.R.P. workers. Despite that there was an almost continuous air raid warning Mr. Churchill carried on unperturbed, taking shelter when things became very hot and varying his already considerable collection of hats with a new one—a "battle bowler." At one of the villages he visited, a Messerschmitt crashed in a field. Mr. Churchill walked up to the wreckage and remarked, "That's another off the list"

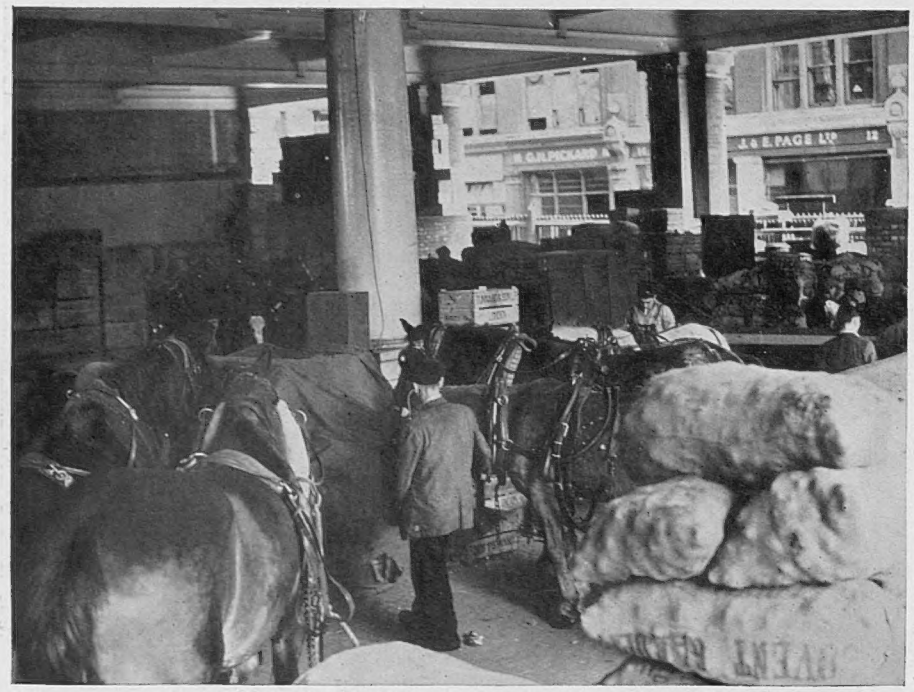
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE OBSERVATION POST OVERLOOKING THE SEA FROM WHICH HE WITNESSED A BATTLE IN THE AIR. ON THE PREMIER'S LEFT IS THE MAYOR OF DOVER



AT DOVER, WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE NAVAL FORCE, VICE-ADMIRAL SIR BERTRAM RAMSAY: THE PRIME MINISTER GOING THROUGH REPORTS IN THE ADMIRAL'S OFFICE (ADMIRAL RAMSAY, INCIDENTALLY, WAS THE OFFICER WHO ORGANISED THE RETREAT FROM DUNKIRK)

SCENES DURING THE AIR RAIDS

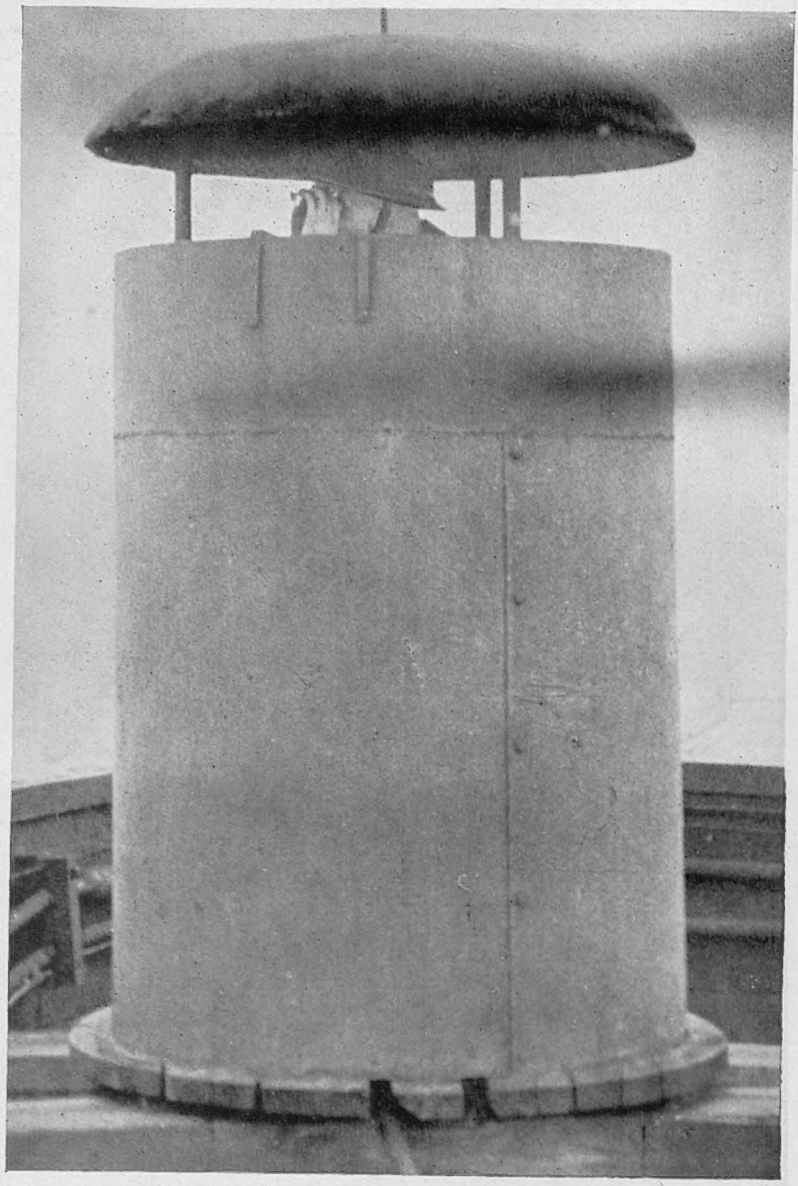
The New Factor which has Come into the Life of Every British Citizen: And How the People are Settling Down Under the New Air Menace



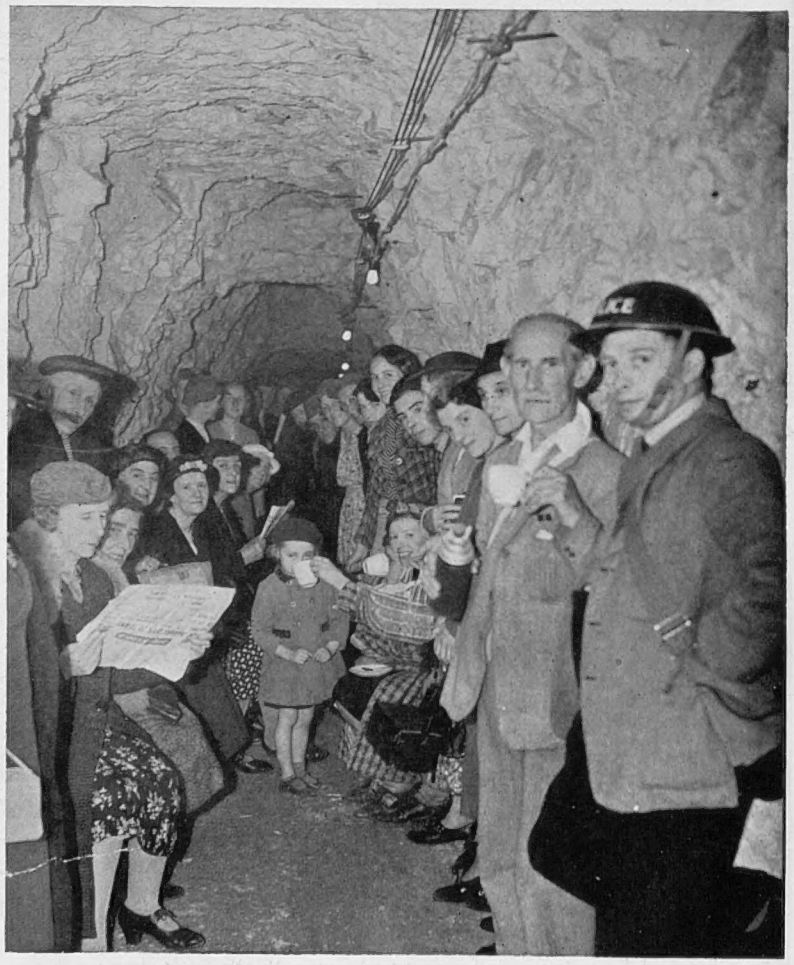
TAKING CARE OF ANIMALS IN THE AIR RAIDS: This picture was taken in Covent Garden a few days ago after a warning had been sounded. The horses have been removed from their shafts and have been placed in comparative shelter beneath a big building. They are thus partially isolated from noise and flying fragments whilst the air raid warning lasts

ANIMALS CAUGHT IN THE STREET DURING A WARNING: This picture was taken in Fleet Street. Unable to take cover, the horses have been taken from their shafts and tied to the back of their vans—so that they cannot bolt should the noise of gunfire alarm them. The drivers, of course, cannot abandon their charges; so they have made themselves comfortable for the duration of the raid

THE PEOPLE OF A LONDON BOROUGH STUDY THEIR FIRST CASUALTY LIST: On these official notice boards authentic news is posted, the idea being to stop idle and lying rumour. The list of casualties incurred during air raids is posted here, so that the Borough may learn for certainty the names of the killed or injured



WILL THIS PRACTICE BECOME UNIVERSAL? A FACTORY "LOOK-OUT" AT HIS POST: This is the watch tower at a big British glass factory in the North-West of England. An observer sits in a steel observation post on the roof throughout the day and night: he is helped by binoculars and a sound locator, and is linked by phone with the chief observer in the factory's Control Room. In this way, vital war work can be carried on during raids, the workers only taking shelter when the raiders are actually approaching the works. It has been suggested that these methods should be applied generally to all factories



THE WONDERFUL TUNNELS AT RAMSGATE WHICH SAVED THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS: The 3½ miles of tunnels, 70 ft. deep, bored through Ramsgate's chalk foundations just before the war at a cost of £60,000, have certainly proved their enormous value. The peace-time population of this town is 34,000, and the tunnels can hold 60,000. During the recent raids, when German aircraft poured tons of high explosive and incendiary bombs on the town, hundreds of houses were destroyed or made uninhabitable. It was only because hundreds of people poured into the tunnel shelters during the raids that the loss of life during the bombing of Ramsgate was so small

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THE MEN WHO BOMBED BERLIN: Reporting Their Successes to the Intelligence Officers on Their Return to Their Station

The pictures reproduced here were taken at the R.A.F. Station whence the bomb raids of Berlin were carried out; they show a proportion of the personnel who took part in the big attacks on the German capital and thus shattered the myth, so sedulously circulated throughout Germany, that no British raider could get through. Not only did our bombers get through, but they stayed for some hours, wreaking far more damage on military objectives than has yet been wrought in London. Here the pilots and crews are seen immediately on their return from Berlin; sandwiches and tea and cigarettes are ready for them. The two officers at the table are Intelligence Officers receiving first-hand details of the night's raid

RETURNED FROM THEIR TRIP TO BERLIN: Some of the crews of the British bombers who took part in the raids on the German capital. For hours they flew above hostile territory but expert navigation took them to their objectives and brought them safely home again

THE WAR IN THE AIR

German Casualties in the Air Battles Over London and South-East Britain During the Past Few Days

BURIED EIGHT FEET IN THE GROUND! This Messerschmitt 109 was brought down over Kent; it dived straight down into the ground from a great height and buried itself to a depth of 8 ft. The aeroplane was completely burned out and not a piece of its metal structure remained intact. The crater is an impressive-looking affair

A BRITISH PILOT INSPECTS HIS CRASHED ENEMY: A squadron-leader, who has already been awarded the D.F.C., examines the remains of a wrecked Nazi machine brought down on the outskirts of London. This pilot was an actual participant in the battle over this particular area, and took part in the dog-fight which resulted in the crash of this raider

THE RESULT OF A COLLISION IN MID-AIR! During one of the air battles over the outskirts of London, this Heinkel III bomber collided with a Spitfire. In the smash, the wings of both aircraft were torn off, and both crashed to earth. The Spitfire pilot was able to bale out and, on landing, had tea with some nearby soldiers before being driven back to rejoin his squadron. The crew of the Heinkel, however, were all killed

A GERMAN PLANE CRASHES ON AN ANDERSON SHELTER: When one of the enemy bombers was shot down by an R.A.F. fighter it came down on a South-East London suburb. It crashed on to an Anderson shelter which, however, successfully withstood the terrific impact. The crew of the bomber were all killed, but the people in the shelter escaped with only cuts, bruises and burns

THE AEROPLANE WHICH MR. CHURCHILL INSPECTED: During the air battles over Kent the pilot of this Messerschmitt 109 baled out by parachute as his machine crashed. He suffered injury and received first-aid immediately after landing. This is the aeroplane which Mr. Churchill inspected after it came down

ATHENS FACE TO FACE WITH ROME

Once Again in Their Long History

By COMMANDER EDGAR P. YOUNG

ATHENS, DETERMINED TO RESIST, HAS BEEN AWAITING THE THREATENED ATTACK: On many occasions in her great history, Athens has stood for Hellas and all that word means to the patriotic Greek; she is now ready once again for any attack from Rome

A VISIBLE SIGN OF GREECE'S ANCIENT MIGHT—THE GIGANTIC COLOSSUS OF RHODES; At the entrance to the harbour of Rhodes stood a huge statue of Helios. It was thrown down by earthquake in 227 B.C. It was classed as one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world

CIRCUMSTANCES and conditions have changed enormously during the past 2,000 years, but it is nevertheless possible to regard the present state of tension between Italy and Greece as but the latest phase in the development of a struggle which has continued throughout that long period.

The struggle is one between two prolific peoples, both of a seafaring character and with commercial interests, for supremacy in the Eastern Mediterranean, a supremacy which has not always been of an imperialist character. It is also, however, a struggle between two rival ideologies; the free, democratic ideology of the old Greek Republics, and the centralised, dictatorial ideology of Rome. This dual character has not always been apparent and the issues in dispute have frequently been confused by the intervention of third parties, as at the present time.

The name Graecia, from which the modern name Greece has been derived, was more or less vaguely given to the ancient country by the Romans. It was not used by the natives, who called their country Hellas, the name which is still employed by the modern Greeks, and to whom it represented an ethnological and philosophical, rather than a geographical unity, embracing all the Greek settlements on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, on the shores of the Hellespont and Bosphorus, and in the Black Sea.

Over this wide area the city states of ancient Greece set up a loosely-knit empire of colonies, held together by their then undisputed command of the sea, in places which had not yet been occupied by the Phœnicians. Within this empire, however, individual states waged war upon each other, or formed alliances against some external foe, as best suited their individual purposes, a luxury which they could afford while their collective power was not seriously challenged, but which eventually brought about their downfall.

The struggle between Greece and Italy was, strangely enough, initially rather a civil war, provoked deliberately by the Carthaginians, between the Etruscans of Italy and the numerous Greek colonies, such as Naples and Cumae, in that country. Later, however, it developed a more international character, and eventually ended in the separate defeat of first the Ætolian League (in 189 B.C.) and then the Achæan League (in 146 B.C.) by Rome.

This final defeat was followed by the reorganisation of Greece as a Roman dependency. Corinth, the chief centre of the resistance of the Achæan League, was destroyed, while Athens and Sparta were allowed to retain only the shadow of their rights as free cities—over-insistence upon which had brought them to disaster. What was more significant, however, and very much more far-reaching in its consequences, was that throughout Greece political power was transferred from the democratic organisations to the propertied classes, whose rivalries had been the cause of fatal dissension within their country, and whose greedy attachment to their property had made them allies of Rome during the wars and afterwards the keenest protagonists of Roman supremacy—so the Fifth Column seems not to be a modern innovation.

Thus Greece passed out of existence as an independent country for nearly 2,000 years, though Hellas, as represented by the Greeks and their glorious old traditions, survived those long years of subjection to the foreign yoke of Roman and of Turk.

The restoration of Greece as we know it to-day was begun in 1821, but it took practically 100 years before the present territory of Greece was brought under Greek rule.

The revolt with which this process of restoration began was launched on April 2, 1821, when Archbishop Germanos, head of the Hetaeria in the Morea, raised his cross at Kalavryta and led the Greek insurgents against their Ottoman rulers. It went on until 1832, victory smiling alternately on one or the other side, according as it had command of the sea, and resting finally with the Greeks as a result of the intervention of external naval forces on their behalf.

At the outset, the Greeks had a tremendous advantage over their more powerful opponents in that they were a nation of seamen, while the latter were dependent on them even for the manning of the Fleet which they sought to use against them. The deeply indented coast-line and the extreme difficulty of communications overland enabled them to exploit this advantage to the full, with the result that by the end of 1823 their triumph seemed almost complete. It was, however, negatived by traditional internecine quarrels.

That was the deplorable state of affairs when Lord Byron went out to join the Greeks in their struggle and when the Ottoman Sultan Mahmud decided to summon to his aid the well-equipped fleet and disciplined army of Mehemed Pasha of Egypt. The Greek Fleet neglected to concentrate to meet and defeat on the high seas this new menace to Greece's freedom, Mehemed Pasha's armies, operating from Crete as their advanced base, swept northwards, and by the summer of 1827 Turkish rule was reinstated.

By then, however, the conscience of Europe had been stirred, and the Powers ordered the Turks to evacuate the country. When they refused to do this, an allied fleet of British, French and Russian warships annihilated the Turkish fleet in Navarino Bay on October 20, 1827, and a Greek Republic was set up. Its first president proved, however, too despotic for his subjects, and he was assassinated in 1831. Greece then became a monarchy, ruled by Prince Otho, son of King Louis of Bavaria, and protected by Britain, France and Russia.

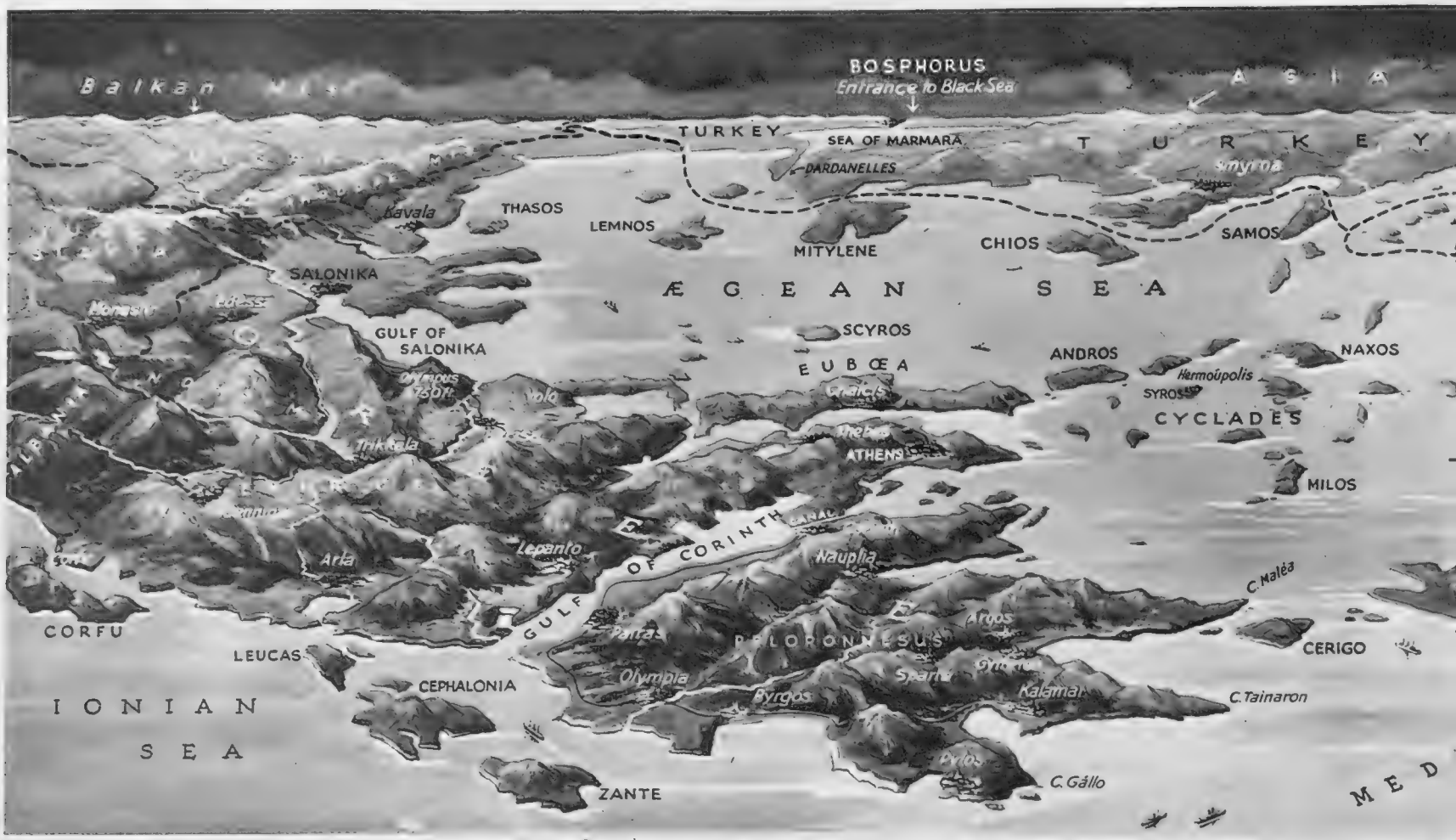
In the Balkan Wars of 1912–13, Turkey tried to purchase Greek neutrality by offering her Crete. Greece would not be bought off, however, and gained, as a result of her participation in those wars, not only Crete, but also several other islands and some territory in Macedonia and Epirus, her area being increased from less than 25,000 to 43,522 sq. miles.

This success fired Greece's ambition to become supreme in the Ægean and brought her into rivalry once more with Italy.

Greece's support of the Allies was somewhat unwilling in the war of 1914–18. The situation ended with Greece being left in the lurch by those who had made use of her during the war. Her armies were defeated and driven out of Asia Minor.

B.C.	
1193	Commencement of the Trojan War
776	The First Olympiad
657	Byzantium built
496	Sardis burnt by the Greeks, which occasions the Persian invasion, 504; Thrace and Macedonia conquered
490	The Persians defeated at Marathon, Sept. 28
480	Xerxes invades Greece, but is checked at Thermopylæ by Leonidas, Aug.
480	Oct. 20, Battle of Salamis
415–413	Disastrous Athenian expedition to Syracuse
323	Alexander conquers the Persian Empire, 334–331; dies
277	Greece invaded by the Gauls, 280; they are defeated at Delphi, 279, and expelled
A.D.	
122–133	Greece visited and favoured by Augustus, 21 B.C.; and by Hadrian
396	Invaded by Alaric
1456	The Turks under Mahomet II conquer Athens and part of Greece

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF GREECE is very largely autocratic in form, General Metaxas (*on right*) having with the approval of King George (*on left*) established a dictatorship which has been working for the general physical improvement of the conditions of living in Greece



A MOUNTAINOUS MAINLAND AND CLUSTERS OF ISLANDS FORM THE KINGDOM OF GREECE

As in the case of many other countries of Europe, geography plays a fantastic part in the situation created by a great war. Greece, on the edge of trouble, finds herself a mountainous country, with difficult road communications, but possessed of innumerable harbours valuable to a nation strong in ships of war. A glance at this view shows how odd the situation is for military and naval commanders. In the foreground is Peloponnesus, home of Pelops (every place raises memories of Greek legends and history). To the right is Crete, with its remarkable revelations of ancient culture

A SHORT CUT TO ATHENS: For vessels coming from the Adriatic a quick route is provided by the Corinth Canal—a steeply-sided cut through the isthmus of Corinth; a vessel using this canal is saved the journey round the peninsula by way of Cerigo

IN April, 1939, Greece accepted the Allied guarantee of protection should she be wantonly attacked. Strengthened by this guarantee, and her alliance with Turkey, Greece had every reason to feel fairly secure even though situated in the troubled Balkan area. She announced her neutrality at the opening of war, and has done her best to remain on friendly terms with her neighbours.

Public opinion in Greece has been definitely pro-Ally, and confidence in the ultimate success of their cause has been maintained in spite of the disasters which have overwhelmed Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. Germany has tried to break this British sympathy, sending crowds of so-called tourists, traders, and archæologists who spread propaganda in an apparently innocent manner. Trade with Germany has naturally suffered under the British blockade, as it is nearly entirely carried on by sea, but tobacco was permitted to be sent by Greece, which was repaid by coal.

While Italy remained non-belligerent she courted good relations and even made a Pact of Friendship in October last year, but Greece was well aware that she was a dangerous neighbour. Mussolini has cast envious eyes upon the Dalmatian coast, the Ionian Islands, Corfu and Salonika, as jewels to be added to the new Italian Empire.

Under the skilful guidance of General Metaxas, the Greek Dictator, the country has, up till now, been kept at peace, much to the satisfaction of the Greek people. On August 4 they celebrated, with enthusiasm, the anniversary of the *coup d'état* of 1936, when General Metaxas, with the approval of the King, proclaimed a dictatorship, frustrating a rising of the Communists who were preparing to announce a general strike. The past four years have shown a general improvement in the working conditions of the poorer people, in better schools and improved sanitation, but the Government has not been popular. There has been too much resemblance to certain Nazi methods, no criticism of any kind being allowed, but the Greeks are not easy to govern and the former parliamentary system had proved unsuccessful. General Metaxas is a strong and capable ruler, but he is over seventy, and there is some anxiety at the absence of any possible successor.

Relations with Italy continued to be friendly, even after Mussolini had struck at France. Indeed the Italian Minister at Athens went out of his way on August 7 to inform the Greek Government how greatly Mussolini appreciated the genuineness of Greek neutrality. Yet a few days later Italy accused Greece of having instigated the murder of a certain Daut Hoggia, who was described as an Albanian patriot. Greece indignantly denied that she had any hand in the death of the notorious brigand, who had been proved guilty in the Courts of at least four murders, not to mention blackmail, kidnapping and general brigandage. Unluckily, Daut Hoggia had avoided punishment by escaping into Albania where he had lived as an old-world brigand, meeting, according to the Greeks, an appropriate blood-feud death.

Italy now poses as the protector of an "independent" Albania, and is much concerned about the province of Ciamura, once belonging to Albania, but annexed by Greece in 1913. There are only a few thousand Albanian Moslems living in Ciamura, in north-west Epirus, who have dwelt in general harmony with their Christian neighbours. Count Ciano, with a forgetfulness of Good Friday of last year, declaimed in a speech that Albania's frontiers were sacred to Italy, and that the duty to defend them was also sacred.

Italian papers continue, day by day, to threaten Greece, accusing her of violating neutrality, by providing oil bases along her coast for the use of the British Navy. Every effort seems to be made to intimidate Greece into offering Corfu as an indemnity for the alleged murder of Daut Hoggia. Greece has been somewhat bewildered by this unexpected storm but Metaxas has remained calm. The army is not yet mobilised though all naval men have been recalled to their ships. General Metaxas has had an interview with the British Minister, Sir Charles Palairet, who has re-asserted Britain's promise that the British Navy and Air Force will go to the assistance of Greece if she determines to fight.

Turkey is watching events very closely. She is in friendly alliance with Greece, but is not *forced* to take part in a possible war with Italy, owing to a special clause in the treaty. The general feeling is that Turkey will join forces with Greece.

A BROKEN SEA FRONT AND A LONG LAND FRONTIER: Greece has a long land frontier guarded, fortunately, by a mountainous barrier stretching from Albania to a point north of Gallipoli. The danger area at the present time is limited to the 100 miles of Albanian hills, where Mussolini is reported to have massed great numbers of men

ITALY LOOKS with Covetous Eyes on ANCIENT GREECE and Its Modern Ports

"WHAT MAY BE TAUGHT, I LEARN; WHAT MAY BE FOUND, THAT I STILL SEEK FOR; WHAT MUST COME BY PRAYER, FOR THAT I ASK THE GODS"—Lines written by a great Greek

Above—
PATRAS ON THE GULF OF CORINTH, provides a typical glimpse of Greek sunshine, sea, and mountains "rising in a silvery haze above the wine-purple water"

On right—
THROUGH ROCK-STREWN HILL-SIDES, motor-buses take travellers from the numerous sea-ports to their points of destination. Hair-pin turns are numerous

Above—
ATHENS IS A CITY which offers much interest both to the student of affairs and to the archæologically bent. Ancient marble, cream-coloured or tawny with centuries of exposure, silhouetted against impeccably blue skies, of course hold the eye, but the living streets of the modern city are also charged with an irresistible movement and charm

On right—
THE CITY AND PORT OF SALONIKA, COVETED BY ITALY: The Thessalonika of ancient days, the present city is a thriving centre of European commerce. It is, in addition, a Greek naval base. On the mainland are the marshy districts held at such cost by the Allies in the Great War

The STUPENDOUS EFFORT of LABOUR

What Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, Has Already Achieved

(The First of a Series of Three Articles)

By GORDON BECKLES

MR. ERNEST BEVIN swept into office as Minister of Labour just four months ago. It was at a critical moment. After a winter of complacency the major military campaign had opened with a world-shattering bang. Tremendous strains—how tremendous in those pre-Dunkirk days of early May no one yet guessed—were about to be placed on the national war machine.

Mr. Bevin was neither a recognised statesman nor elected politician. That did not deter him. If he did not enter office wholly—as prophesied—like a bull into a china shop, the china shop was certainly there in the shape of tradition and red-tape to be broken. The nation was on the eve of a great internal revolution. The Ministry of Labour, more than any other Government department, was destined to be the spearhead of this revolution. With coat off, and sleeves rolled up, Mr. Bevin set to work to set the nation to work. The slogan of the day was "Go To It!"

Within the first few days came the remarkable powers of the Emergency (Defence) Act which put Mr. Bevin among the major dictators of the world. It gave him the control and use of all labour. He could order any person in the United Kingdom to do what he—Mr. Bevin—wanted him to do: "to perform such services as may be specified by directions issued by or on behalf of the Minister, to require persons of any class or description to register particulars about themselves, and to enter and inspect premises and require employers to keep and produce such books, accounts and records as may be necessary."

In a few days a vast game of "general post" began to be played by the workers of Britain. Fitters in Southampton turned up at Coventry. Riveters in Cowes were called for on the Clyde. Watchmakers in Margate were needed in Birmingham.

Type compositors were wanted for instrument assembly, type-casters for moulding, house electricians found themselves working in the bowels of new battleships, gold and silver workers plied their craft with humble sheet metal. Could all this be done without giving to British industry the feeling that it was being regimented on the slave-labour lines of Germany and the U.S.S.R.?

Certainly the migration and redistribution of labour began to work with remarkable smoothness. Mr. Bevin found that he had inherited a ministry not only flexible, but decentralised to a remarkable degree in bureaucracy; and there was an all-round spirit of co-operation sadly absent in the past war. "Dilution" (i.e., a breaking-down of normal trade-union barriers to newcomers) had in the last war been over three years delayed. Now it was generally accepted by unions, who knew they were fighting for their lives just as much as the uniformed fighting man. Moreover, compulsory arbitration was coming into force, and this was perhaps the most striking change of all. Those who remember the disastrous and shameful strikes and lock-outs of the last war will share Mr. Bevin's satisfaction at this step. Democracy was being made to work efficiently; but Mr. Bevin looked beyond the intricate organisation of the Ministry's network of Labour Exchanges: there was a human side to it all that was just as important. British workers were being taken from their hearths and homes to work in strange towns under conditions which incessant overtime (and the threat of aerial bombardment) made abnormal.

"We have to reorganise our whole conception of industrial welfare," said Mr. Bevin. He started with two convictions: (1) That the worker must never be pursued by "welfare" outside factory hours; in short, that the man in the factory and the same man outside were two different problems; and (2) That many firms, in their own commercial interest, carried "welfare" to the absurd limits of "pre-natal clinics all the way to the cemetery," to quote a cynical factory inspector.

To strike a happy medium, quickly and surely, was the new Minister's first ambition, but Whitehall, tradition a century old stood in the way. The welfare of labour was no direct concern of the Ministry of Labour on one side of Whitehall, but in the province of the Home Office on the other side of Whitehall, where the multifarious factory acts had been administered since 1833.

The first thing Mr. Bevin broke in the china shop was this illogical division of responsibility. The administration of the Factory Act of 1936 was taken over by the Ministry of Labour, but that was only a departmental move. The real care of the migrant war worker would have to be undertaken by hastily improvised schemes.

Take the imaginary case of a worker in Hull whose services are urgently needed for war work in Bristol. He is first informed in the usual way by the local Exchange and told of the position. He is married, or has to support two homes. In that case he is to be entitled to an allowance of 3s. 6d. a night on a seven-day weekly basis. His fare is given to him and he is told that if, when he arrives at Bristol, he comes into a broken week and is short of money, an immediate grant will be made by the local Exchange there. Thus informed, he boards the train.

At Bristol (or Coventry, Newcastle or one of a dozen other centres) he is more than likely to be met by a member of some voluntary organisation. It may be late at night or after hours, and he is temporarily accommodated in a nearby hostel. In the morning he goes to the local Exchange.

Here he may come into contact with one of the first of the new Bevin officials—the Local Welfare Officer.

This official acts as the liaison between the Ministry of Labour, the local housing authority and the Ministry of Health. In his province comes the exhaustive lodging survey of the district which is now in progress. So far, there is no compulsory billeting, except in two minor cases. The idea is to avoid at all cost the feeling of regimenting labour. Our worker from Hull, for instance, is allowed to choose his own lodging from a list given to him. Some men in the higher grades of pay are naturally in search of better accommodation than that sought by labourers. But the living allowance of 3s. 6d. a night remains fixed, no matter how big a wage a man is drawing.

That is the rough picture of how the man gets a roof over his head. Next comes the task of keeping him in good temper and attempting to ease the strain of long hours and often of separation from his family.

"Don't pursue outside factory hours," Mr. Bevin had said. How then? First by stimulating local enterprise, and secondly by entering into contractual arrangement with the organisation best fitted to supply entertainment—our old friend E.N.S.A., the theatrical branch of the N.A.A.F.I. Community singing, loud-speaker concerts, lunch-time entertainments were thus arranged, with the Local Welfare Officer making suggestions to the factory concerned as to how they may best play their part. Here again was evidence of the Ministry of Labour's policy of decentralising its efforts, leaving things to the man on the spot, and encouraging rather than legislating for the things that it wished to achieve. Some Government departments (certainly German Government departments) would like to frame the whole question of making the worker smile into a pompous and unreadable Compulsory Entertainment for War Workers Act (1940).

Above all there was an appreciation of the spirit behind the slogan "Beer is best." Nothing could really supplant the "local" with its darts board, or the cinemas or the quiet pipe and the book. The scheme is far from working perfectly yet, but every fortnight (until his recent temporary illness) Mr. Bevin has sat at the head of a board of his own choosing to listen to their ideas on how to make life better for the men away from home—and the many women as well. This Factory Welfare Advisory Board functions well because the Minister himself heads it, and has the power to put into effect those things that appeal to him as worthy of adoption.

As the weeks rolled by, and British industry faced the Dunkirk disaster with squared shoulders, the officials of the Ministry of Labour permitted themselves to observe that Mr. Bevin was making a really good Minister. *(The second article of this series will be published next week.)*

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, MINISTER OF LABOUR, AND THE MEN WHOSE WAR-TIME EFFORT HE DIRECTS

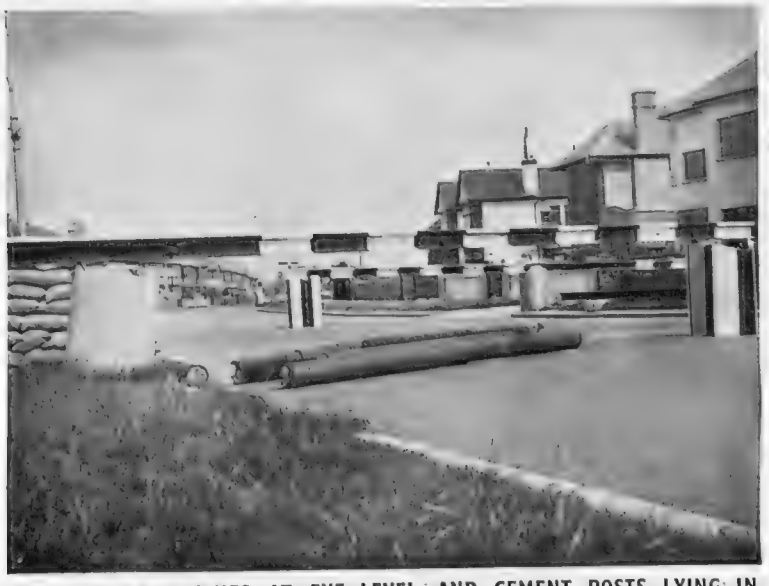
Before his acceptance of high office in Mr. Churchill's Government, Mr. Bevin had never previously held a Ministerial post—nor had he been a Member of Parliament. In the few months he has been at the Labour Ministry his political stature has increased enormously; fifty-six years of age, he is now regarded as one of the most considerable figures in Britain to-day. His reorganisation of the Labour forces of this country—with the enemy knocking at our doors almost—is a stupendous feat, some of the story of which will be told in this short series of articles. In the picture above, Mr. Bevin is seen with a party of working men at a munitions factory during the inauguration of the first of the concerts given by the E.N.S.A. The object of these is to afford relaxation to the war workers during their rest hours. Behind Mr. Bevin is Mr. Basil Dean, who is organising these concerts

THE ROADS BLOCKED AGAINST INVASION

Pictures Just Released by the Censor Show Some of the Defences which are Now, in Part, Being Removed as Our Position is So Much Stronger

A SERIES OF IMMENSELY STRONG CONCRETE BLOCKS WHICH WOULD HAVE BARRED THE WAY TO TANKS ON AN ARTERIAL ROAD

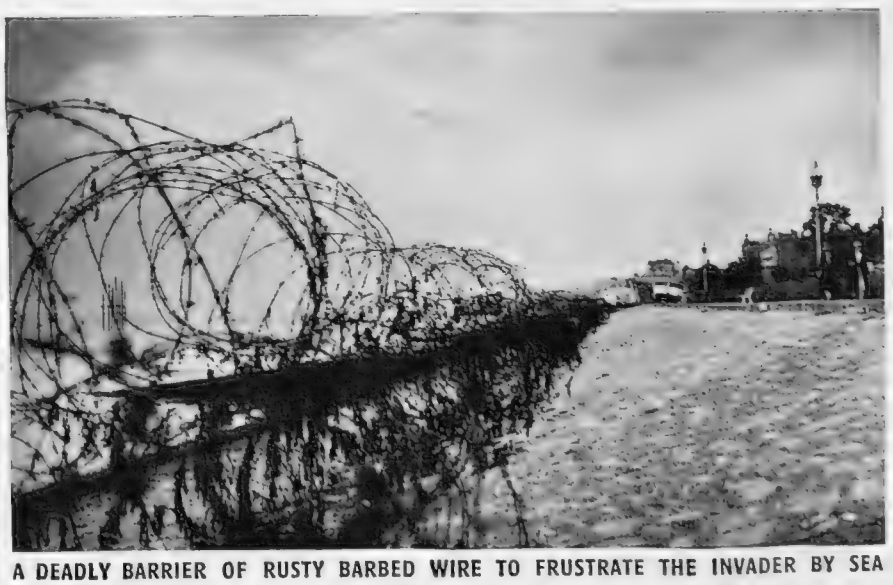
ANOTHER SERIES OF BLOCKS ON A MAIN ROAD: TO CLOSE THE OPENING WITH HUGE IRON BARS WOULD HAVE BEEN AN EASY TASK



HEAVY RAILWAY LINES AT EYE LEVEL, AND CEMENT POSTS LYING IN THE ROADWAY, FOR THE FRUSTRATION OF ENEMY MECHANISED AND MOTORISED TRAFFIC

ALTHOUGH ROAD BARRIERS ARE BEING REMOVED IN MANY PLACES, IN OTHERS A GOOD DEAL OF DEFENSIVE WORK IS STILL GOING ON AS INSTANCED ABOVE

ANTI-TANK TRAPS AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD; STOUT CONCRETE BLOCKS ACROSS ITS WIDTH FOR THE FRUSTRATION OF MOTORISED COLUMNS



A DEADLY BARRIER OF RUSTY BARBED WIRE TO FRUSTRATE THE INVADER BY SEA

Two or three months ago Britain was but poorly equipped to stave off invasion; when France capitulated and so much of our material had perforce to be abandoned in Belgium and France, the construction of road blocks at every conceivable point where enemy troop-carrying planes might attempt a landing became a precautionary measure of supreme urgency; the comparatively few trained troops left in this country were not well equipped for serious emergency. The enemy did not come, however; to-day, as a result of the most intensive work in strengthening and perfecting our military dispositions, we are stronger than ever we were. Well-organised and fully-equipped troops are now ready to take the offensive against invasion. To do this they must have the freest possible passage to get about the country rapidly, and for this reason many road blocks will be dispensed with. The work has already been started, and rapid movement by road—not only by troops, but also by munition services lorries—is now general throughout the country. Just another indication of the growing internal might of Britain!

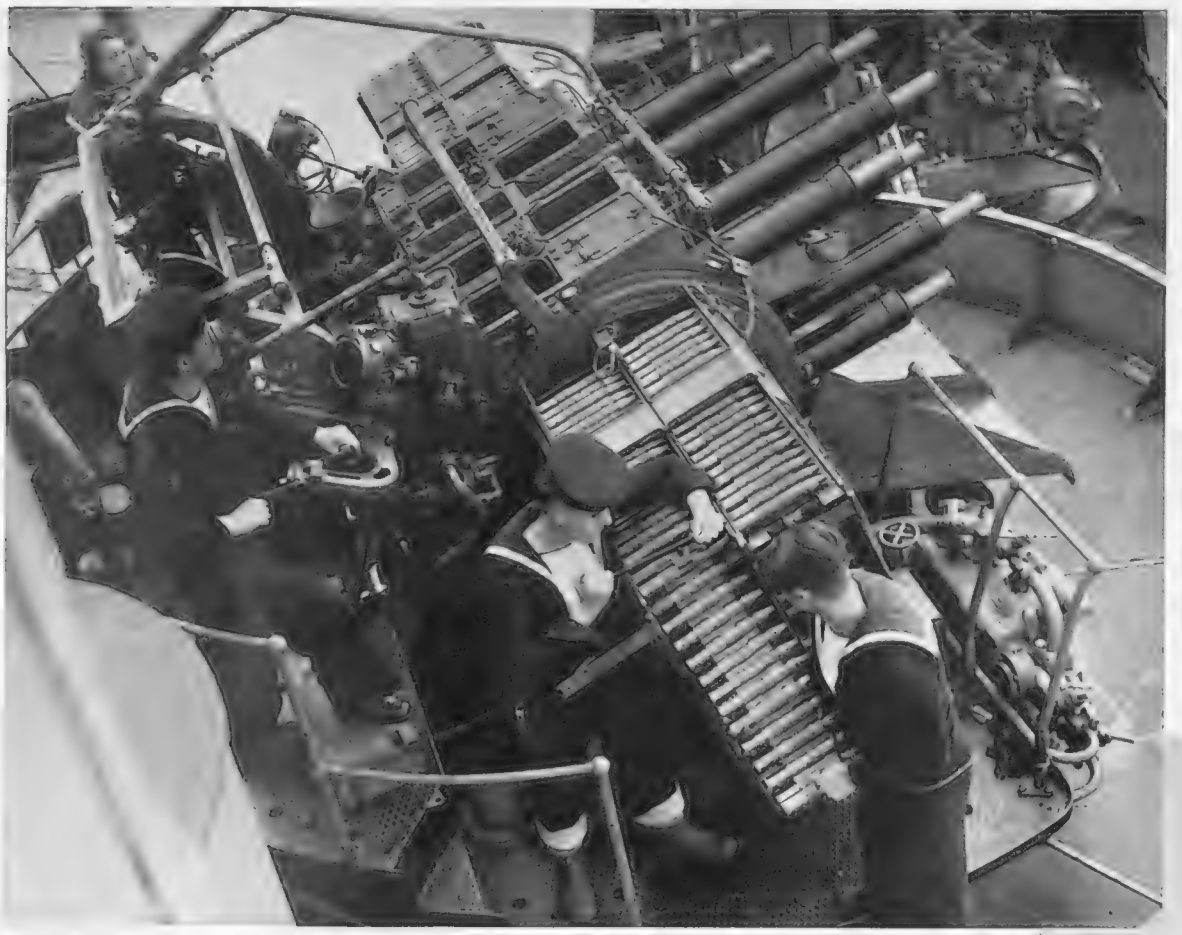
PATROLS ON THE SCOTTISH LOCHS

A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE MOTOR-BOATS ON PATROL

It would appear that our Defence Authorities are not neglecting any measures in their plans against invasion. To counter possible attempts by the enemy to land troops by seaplane on Scottish lochs, armed motor boat patrols have now been established and are keeping constant watch on these large stretches of water. The boats all mount machine-guns; and they are manned by both naval and military personnel. Assisted by adequate shore defences, they can be expected to give enemy visitors a very warm reception

On right—**TYPES OF THE MOTOR-BOATS USED IN SCOTLAND**

THE NAVY'S POM-POMS



PREPARING THE AMMUNITION FOR THE NAVAL POM-POMS

PREPARING FOR ACTION: Loading the magazines of a multiple pom-pom battery on board a British destroyer

On left—**A SINGLE POM-POM,** with open sights ready for work at close range. This picture was taken during the course of a Convoy

On right—**WHAT MAKES THE POM-POM SO DEADLY IN ACTION:** The naval pom-pom, coupled up as in the big picture above, is the most effective instrument yet devised to deal with low-flying aircraft and dive-bombers. Its speed and precision are deadly. These are the shells which flow from the eight barrels of the multiple guns in a ceaseless flow

ON WATCH AT THE SUEZ CANAL

The Famous "Ditch" Which Italy Covets But Which Britain Will Continue To Guard

WHERE THE TWIN TOWERS OF THE 1914–1918 WAR MEMORIAL LOOK DOWN ON THE SUEZ CANAL: This Memorial is a granite obelisk, 65 ft. high: it commemorates the Indian soldiers who fell in Egypt and Palestine during the Great War. It was designed by Sir John Burnet and was erected at Port Taufiq at the southern extremity of the Canal in 1926

TO the average seaman the Suez Canal is only "The Ditch," but it is the main reason for Signor Mussolini acting as jackal for Hitler and drawing the Italian people into a war which can only prove disastrous to them. His policy, which has been somewhat reluctantly swallowed by a large proportion of the Italian people, is based on the suggestion that Italy is not safe while Great Britain holds the two entrances to the Mediterranean, the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal.

How this can be maintained when Britain has never made the slightest attempt to bring pressure on Italy by either possession is difficult for any unbiassed person to understand and it is generally ascribed to a strong inferiority complex and a very bad conscience. This being so, the Italian authorities have no desire to go into details, but only want to hurl empty phrases at their own unthinking people who can only be interested in imperialistic projects under the influence of hysteria.

This hysteria appears to be serving its purpose at the present time, so that Italy is content to leave the far harder task of reducing Gibraltar to the Spaniards, out of gratitude for Italian help during the civil war, while she herself concentrates on the Suez project which appears to be the easier while Britain is fully occupied elsewhere.

An undeniable proof against the Italian contention is contained in our action with regard to the League of Nations and sanctions at the time of the Abyssinian War when the whole affair could have been ended, and the Italian campaign condemned to failure, if the British had blockaded the canal as they were quite able to do with the Home and Mediterranean Fleets concentrated in the Near East.

The British authorities refused to do this on account of the sixth article of the International Convention of 1888, signed by both Britain and Italy, which read: "The canal to remain open in time of war as a free passage, even to ships of war of belligerents, according to the terms of Article I of the present treaty, the high contracting parties agree that no right of war, no act of hostility, nor any act having for its object to obstruct the free navigation of the canal, shall be committed in the canal and its ports of access, as well as within a radius of three miles from those ports."

Out of loyalty to her signature to this convention the British refused to close the canal, and Italians have always failed to understand how any country could sacrifice a good opportunity for the sake of a pledge; their inability to find some hidden and unscrupulous reason for our action has, possibly, made them more bitter against us than anything else. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, our concern for our pledge meant the end of the League of Nations and the principle of collective security.

Unable to find any evidence to condemn Britain on this score, Italy produced claims that the Suez Canal was really an Italian project, and hers by right. The fact that other people had paid for it and that Italy had refused to secure her rights by subscribing to the capital of the company when she had the opportunity was conveniently ignored. The great work done by Ferdinand de Lesseps was swept aside with the bald statement that he was an impostor; the canal was really due to three Italians. Negrelli drew up the plans, Paleocapa supervised the work, and Torelli carried out the propaganda and secured the necessary capital. This propaganda story was very easily refuted. Negrelli was actually an Austrian and died in 1858, before the canal was even started. Far from supervising the

(Continued on following page)

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS KEEP GUARD BY THE CANAL: These men of the York and Lancaster Regiment are taking a cooling draught from the gaily painted Egyptian water jars, or "goolahs" as they are called locally. There are several British County regiments quartered near the Canal at the present moment

TWO ARMS OF BRITAIN'S FIGHTING FORCES WHICH DEFEND THE CANAL: *Above*, men of the South Staffordshire Regiment, who occupy positions on both sides of the Canal. *On the left*, a flight of R.A.F. bombers who fly over the desert areas which stretch far to west and east; by means of air reconnaissance they are able to watch any movements by troops for hundreds of miles around the Canal

HOW THE GREAT CANAL PASSES THROUGH THE OLD BITTER LAKES AND LAKE TIMSAH, NOW PARTIALLY DRY. Viewed from above, the Canal seems, in places, to have irregular edges. This is because it passes through a number of lakes; these are now only partially filled with water, and show here as dark pools separated by sandy stretches. The dredged channel through Lake Timsah is indicated by stakes; the Bitter Lakes have been identified with the Marah of the Bible (Exodus)

(Continued from preceding page)

work, Paleocapa wrote to de Lesseps in 1858 asking to be excused from any collaboration in the construction of the canal on account of his blindness. French engineers, particularly Mougel and Voisin, carried out the work. Torelli, like Paleocapa, left very inconvenient written evidence against the Italian claim; a letter is in existence dated shortly before the opening of the canal which definitely stated: "In Italy people are beginning to take the great enterprise seriously; it is somewhat late, but better late than never." Italy actually took up 2,719 shares, a shade over one-half of 1 per cent. of the capital, whereas the French people purchased 207,888, which was over 50 per cent. This very inconvenient evidence, which is irrefutable, was simply ignored by the authorities in Rome who continued to work for a big Italian share in the control of the canal which should, a fact which must never be forgotten, relieve Italian shipping of the greater part of the dues which other ships had to pay and do so as a matter of course.

Another curious factor about the Italian mentality in the matter, and their bitterness against Britain, is that we are represented as being the controlling influence in the canal which is supposed to be throttling her, whereas every educated Italian must know that the canal is not ours at all; the British are only shareholders with a very inadequate representation on the international board of an Egyptian company. The British shareholders have no more right to control the canal than British shareholders in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have to dictate its policy. The canal company is Egyptian, registered in that country, and although the concession was French the company was only granted the right to construct and operate the canal on a ninety-nine-year lease from the date of its opening, which means that in 1968 Egypt will come into full possession. During the last few years Egypt and the Egyptians have been given more control and more interest in the canal and if Italy were successful it would be Egypt who would be robbed more than Britain.

Britain's only real influence is in the matter of defence. Originally that was in the hands of Egypt, and if the Egyptian forces should prove inadequate Turkey, who was then her overlord, could step in. When Egypt was made entirely independent of Turkey the latter had no right of intervention and by the Treaty of Versailles, signed by Italy quite voluntarily, the Turkish responsibility for defence was handed over to Britain.

As for the canal itself it is the modern revival of a very ancient project to cut a waterway through the Isthmus of Suez, joining the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. To a Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, the main credit is due, for when he obtained his concession from the Viceroy of Egypt there were very few who thought his project feasible. It made an immense difference to the trade to India and the East; among its other results it killed the picturesque China clipper and

A STEAMER PROCEEDING THROUGH THE CANAL IS PASSED BY A FLIGHT OF R.A.F. MACHINES OVERHEAD

Although the Canal varies from 310 to 5 surface, it narrows to 150 to 328 ft. at t not wide enough to allow of the passing o specially widened stations. Therefore ne stations are passing places for the large s

THE SUEZ CANAL:

The Famous "Ditch" in the Desert, Through Which the Traffic of All the World Flows

A NARROW BAND, 104 MILES LONG, WHICH UNITES EUROPE WITH ASIA AND AUSTRALIA: The Canal was originally 26 ft. deep; it is now between 33 and 42 ft. deep throughout, thus admitting vessels drawing 32 ft. of water. It is open to traffic both day and night, special searchlights having to be carried by steamers proceeding after dark

5 ft. in width on the bottom. Thus it is two vessels except at each of the railway amers. The banks of the Canal are not built up with masonry or other revetments except at a few points; it consists almost wholly of a great scoop in the sand. Consequently, except in the large Bitter Lakes, steamers are not allowed to proceed at more than 7½ knots per hour, as otherwise their wash would injure the embankments

made the establishment of coaling stations commercially worth while.

It is about 100 miles long and takes advantage of lakes on the way. Since it was constructed it has been deepened to over 34 ft. and widened until it can take a ship of over 40,000 tons. The minimum width is rather less than 196 ft., and as the canal is entirely dredged out of sand, without artificial revetments or banks, the sides are sloping so that there is not room for two big ships to pass, but a system of gares, or waiting berths, which is coupled with an elaborate system of signalling, minimises the delay. Where the ships are not too big they are allowed to pass in the open canal, but one must stop and the speed of any ship is limited to 7½ knots for the safety of the banks.

Everything possible is done to avoid the risk of a ship stranding in the canal, for there is an appreciable tide, running out of the Mediterranean between Port Said and the northern end of the Bitter Lakes and influenced by the tide of the Red Sea between the southern end of the lakes and the Gulf of Suez.

The possibility of sabotage is one of the great anxieties of the Anglo-Egyptian forces who protect the canal, but while the Turks made great efforts to block the waterway in 1915, laboriously carrying mines across the desert by hand and dumping them into the canal, out of which the British authorities promptly lifted them, it is felt that any such action on the part of the Italians would be too detrimental to their own interests unless they were in the last stages of desperation.

In this country a good deal of misconception has been caused by the description of the Suez Canal as Britain's Main Artery. Actually it is nothing of the sort and British trade, and the transport of foodstuffs, could proceed without interruption by the alternative routes. This has been proved by the diversion of shipping from the Mediterranean during the crisis in the Abyssinian War and while the attitude of Italy in this war was still undecided. In ordinary times a very large proportion of the foodstuffs coming to Britain from the East use the Cape route in preference to the canal in order to save dues; the economy of modern marine machinery has set up new standards of comparison between the canal dues and the running expenses of the ship for the extra days' steaming involved.

That does not mean that Italian control of the canal would not mean great inconvenience for Britain, for the record of Italy's ethics in the past makes it quite clear that control in her hands would very soon mean the end of any idea of fairness to other nations. The distance between London and Sydney by Suez is 11,534 miles, by the Cape 12,413 and by the Panama Canal 12,419. From London to Hong Kong the distances are 9,688, 13,018 and 14,018 miles respectively, but there is far more difference between London and Bombay—6,273 miles via Suez and 10,712 miles via the Cape—and London and Bushire where the figures are 6,415 and 11,158 miles respectively. This extra steaming would mean a great deal of extra expense, quite apart from the fact that the British people would have a natural objection to being robbed of their investments.

Frank C. Bowen

ADEN: Britain's Advanced Outpost Which Guards the Route to India and the Southern End of the Red Sea

ADEN'S PROXIMITY TO THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE RED SEA: Aden lies some 96 miles to the east of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb in the very line of which lies Perim Island, a British coaling station. Aden Harbour is formed by two projecting peninsulas

ADEN can claim to be the oldest yet newest of British possessions, old in that it has been a dependency of the Bombay Presidency for a century and new in that it became the Empire's youngest colony on April 1, 1937, when India received Dominion status. The "Colony of Aden" includes the island of Perim and a fair stretch of territory along the coast of Arabia. The total area of the colony is 9,000 sq. miles with a population of about 46,000, representing many different nationalities, the Arabs predominating. We did not occupy Aden so that we could dominate and dictate to shipping passing in and out of the Red Sea as Italian propaganda is so fond of declaring. When we took over Aden the Red Sea was not then a main highway of shipping, for the Suez Canal had not been built. Rather our object was to stop piracy in these waters and render them safe to all who cared to use them.

In December, 1836, a British ship was wrecked and plundered at Aden. Failing to get compensation from the then ruling Sultan and recognising also the need of keeping a check upon piracy in these waters, Captain B. Haines of the Indian Navy was sent with a force to take possession of the rock, which he did in January, 1839, with the loss of fifteen men. Thus Aden came under British rule, the first addition to the Empire after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne.

Jutting out from the south-east corner of the Arabian province of Yemen are two peninsulas, known as Aden and Little Aden. The water area formed by these two peninsulas is 4 miles wide and 8 miles in length, a vast, natural, sheltered harbour. The town and port of Aden is situated on the largest of the peninsulas. In form it is an irregular shaped oval about 15 miles in circumference and 5 miles across at its greatest breadth. It is connected with the mainland by a narrow sandy isthmus 5 miles long. Along it runs a railway to the native village of Lahej some 16 miles distant.

The peninsula is an extinct volcano and almost in its centre is the crater. It is a vast depression and here is situated the old town and tanks for which Aden is famed. Here live and move the teeming thousands of the settlement. The crater is completely enclosed, except for a narrow gap, by precipitous hills, the haunt of monkeys and wild fowl. Lying on the direct route of shipping passing through the Suez Canal to India, Australia, and the Far East, the strategic position of Aden to the Empire is obvious. Not only is it a naval base and a coaling and oil-refilling depot, but it enjoys also a large maritime trade. It is a free port and a recognised centre for the transhipment of merchandise which is brought to the port by all kinds of craft from Arabia and the East African coast.

When Aden finally passed into British hands it consisted of but a few hundred houses and three dilapidated mosques and a maze of ruined buildings. The redevelopment of Aden's prosperity was no light task. A new settlement had to be built, the harbour which had been allowed to become partially choked with sand dredged, and order and law established.

The BRITISH BARRACKS at Aden are perched above the beach on part of the rocky mass which forms Aden. Part of the coastal road is included in the view

On left— Frowning, ragged-edged hills rise abruptly behind this part of Aden. On the right of the picture is STEAMER POINT

ADEN LIES ON A ROCKY PROMONTORY TO THE EAST OF THE HARBOUR: There is one little railway running northwards to Lahej, the busy town in the interior of the colony. The residency lies on the west shore

During recent months the military authorities at Aden have devoted much time in overhauling its defences. It has never feared invasion from the sea, relying upon its rocks and hills as affording ample protection to the town and port. Like Gibraltar, the rocks at Aden are honeycombed with concealed forts connected with one another by subterranean passages. These concealed forts have been strengthened and with the additional defences should be capable of driving off any attack.

Air-raid shelters capable of holding many thousands of people have been hewn out of the rocks where Aden's population can take instant cover from Italian planes. Concrete barriers and barbed wire have been placed at all possible landing places. Then, in hidden crevices in the rocks are anti-aircraft guns and searchlight crews.

Whereas Aden feels secure from direct attack by sea, from the land side it is different. For this reason our policy has always been to maintain friendly relations with the Arab tribes on the mainland. All the official appointments have been made with this end in view. The present Chief Secretary of Aden, Mr. W. D. Ingrams, had considerable experience of the Arabs, having previously occupied the post of Resident Adviser in the Hadramaut. Both he and his wife speak Arabic, and dress and live like the Arabs. The present Sultan of Aden, who resides at Lehej, is one of our best friends.

Though Britain is on the best of terms with the Arab tribes on the mainland she is not taking any risk. At various points British troops, chiefly Indians, are stationed, and at the isthmus, which is naturally the weakest place in defence and the spot where an attack is most likely to develop, ditches, concealed batteries and concrete forts assist the hills in their task of defending port and city.

Aden has much to offer the visitor. There is the modern town with its fine public buildings centred around Steamer Point, the harbour with its native craft and picturesque fishing villages, the old town huddled inside the crater, the famous tanks, bazaars where native craftsmen may be seen plying their various trades, and a journey along the isthmus and thence over shifting sand dunes to Lahej where one encounters swarthy Arabs and their camel caravans. Everywhere there is life and movement, warmth and colour.

BUILT BENEATH HILLS WHICH DESCEND STEEPLY TO THE SEA

The important buildings of Aden for a large part line the edges of the gulf. They have pillared, balconied fronts to give coolness within

The coast road climbs over projecting headlands as it proceeds from bay to bay. Here are some of the houses nestling in Post Office Bay with the Hogg clock tower beyond

ABOARD A BRITISH DESTROYER

Where Space is Valuable, and Life is Very Cramped

A SUNNY DAY ON DECK: WORK GOES ON IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER, AND DESPITE THE CRAMPED CONDITIONS ON BOARD

TAKING VICTUALS ABOARD READY FOR THE NEXT SPELL AT SEA. IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT EVERYTHING BE KEPT IN ITS PROPER PLACE, AS SPACE IS SO PRECIOUS

STRIPPING PAINT: A VERY ESSENTIAL DUTY. IT MUST BE STRIPPED REGULARLY AS, WITH THICK COATINGS, THERE IS INCREASED DANGER OF FIRE WHEN IN ACTION

KEEPING THE COSTLY SILVER FISH IN CONDITION: THE TORPEDOES ARE GREASED, TESTED AND OVERHAULED AT REGULAR INTERVALS

IN THE DESTROYER'S REPAIR SHOP, WHERE EVERY KIND OF WORK IS UNDERTAKEN BY THE SKILLED NAVAL ARTIFICERS

The destroyer to-day, as in the last war, is playing a vital and ever increasing part in keeping the seas clear for the British Empire, and making them dangerous for our enemies. Convoying and hunting down U-boats have hitherto been the main jobs, but if ever Hitler's armada sets sail, the destroyers will be in the front line of attack. They will be the first on the spot, and when the big ships have finished the job, they will be the last to go.

The modern destroyer, built at a cost of £300,000, can get up a speed of at least 35 knots, or 40 m.p.h. It is given as much defensive armour as possible, but as it is essential that there should be no loss of speed and striking power, it is not much. There is little space for comfort, and it's not expected or looked for by the 200-odd men who man a destroyer, which is 330 ft. long and 32 ft. wide. The vital machinery of naval warfare which includes guns, torpedoes, depth-charges, etc., monopolises the available space. The destroyer is at work in all weathers and on the job all the time.

At high speed the modern destroyer averages 250 tons of oil, at £3 per ton, daily. With a weekly wage bill of £500, and food and ship's stores at £250 a week, the running costs for a seven-day week would average £6,000 per week and it is without doubt the most profitable investment the country can make, for it is the destroyers and the men who man them who have so far paid the most profitable dividends in the war at sea.

Hitler knows this and fears them. It was the destroyer which sent most of his U-boats to the bottom of the sea, hunted down his ships in Narvik fiord, boarded the German prison ship *Altmark*, and bore the brunt of the fighting at Dunkirk. The destroyer has made history, and will continue to do so!

PHASES OF THE AIR WAR

Pictures by "Sphere" Artists of Incidents during Recent Aerial Combat

A NEW PUZZLE POSED BY THE GERMAN BOMBERS WHICH HAS NOW BEEN SOLVED: THE MEANING OF THE SMOKE RING IN THE SKY

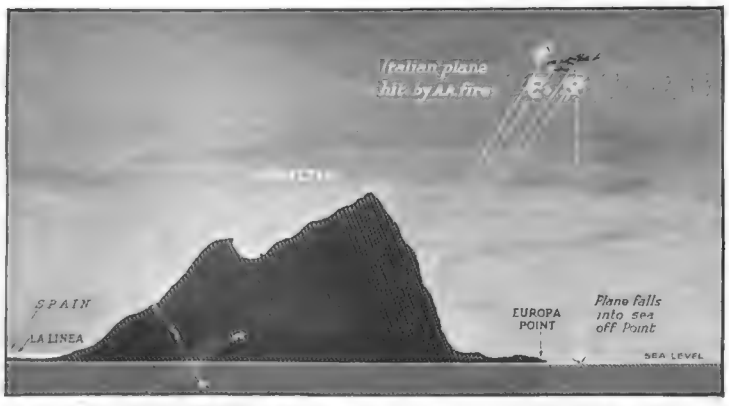
Drawings by Roland Davies

HOOP-LA! THE GERMAN BOMBERS DIVE ON THE TARGET

The Germans have been employing a smoke ring as a device for enabling the bombers to find their targets. When these rings first appeared they were a puzzle to the observers. It seems evident, however, that their purpose is to give a mark in the sky to which the bombers can head and pass through, and thus range the more easily on their target. The success of this idea depends on absence of wind; and it has the disadvantage of proclaiming to the defence that a certain line of attack is about to take place

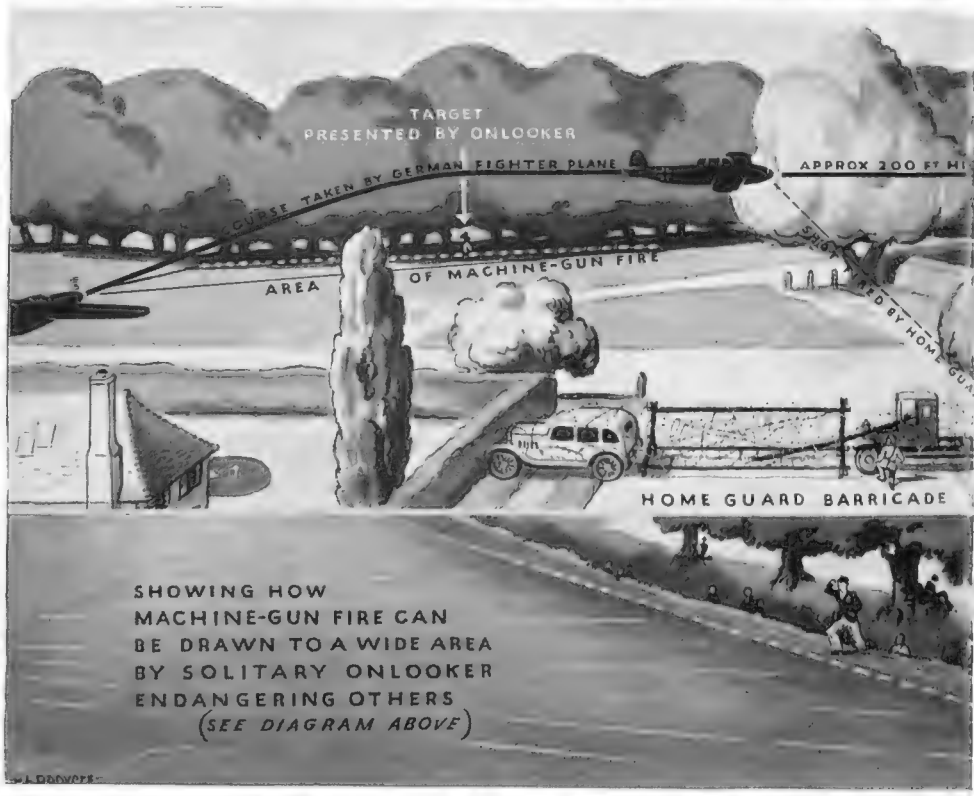
NEMESIS OVERTAKES A BALLOON ATTACKER

This drawing illustrates a recent incident at Dover. A Messerschmitt 109 suddenly swooped out of the sky and opened fire with its cannon gun on a barrage balloon. The balloon fell in flames and the raider streaked out to sea ringed by bursting A.A. shells. Then watchers on the coast saw a British fighter pounce on the escaping raider and shoot it down in mid-Channel



GIBRALTAR GUNNERS BAG THEIR FIRST ITALIAN

The first aeroplane to be shot down by A.A. guns at Gibraltar was an Italian bomber; his bombs were dropped in the sea, but the aircraft itself was shot down off Europa Point. Afterwards parts of the plane were salvaged, and it was found to be built mainly of three-ply. As Mr. Grey has pointed out in these pages, most Italian aircraft are constructed of three-ply and bicycle tubing—which allows of quick manufacture and overcomes Italy's desperate shortage of raw materials such as aluminium and steel



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE INDULGES IN MOCK HEROICS DURING AN

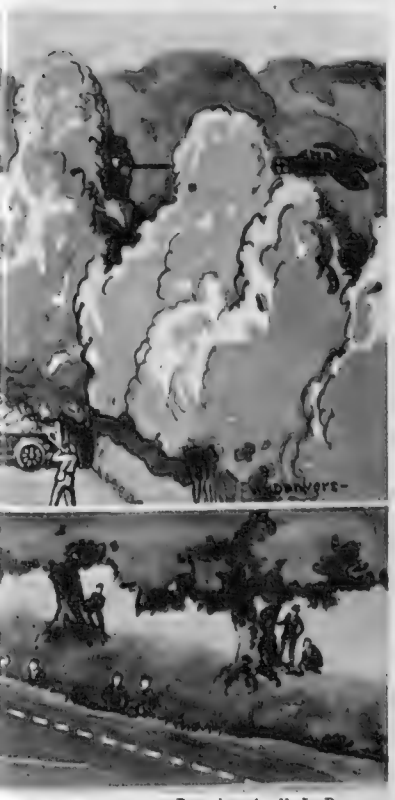
During one of the recent invasions of bomber and fighter planes, a single enemy plane, flying very low, passed across a district a few miles outside the London area. He had come up from the direction indicated, hopping over gardens and the tops of villas until he came to a roadway and a strip of common. A number of people had taken refuge in a ditch and behind trees; the plane was travelling at 200 ft. above the ground at this point, personal bravery, stood up at once spotted by the pilot just as the aeroplane was from left to right in the hit, and several of the

Drawing by Roland Davies

On left—BROUGHT DOWN ON THE SOUTH COAST A NEW TYPE OF GERMAN PLANE APPEARS OFF THE NORTH-EAST AND IS SHOT DOWN ON ITS FIRST APPEARANCE—THE 3-ENGINED DORNIER 24 FLYING-BOAT

This picture shows a Junkers 88 K, one of Germany's newest and best dive-bombers. The dive brakes are hinged to the front spar and can be extended to 90 deg., to slow the rate of dive from about 450 m.p.h. to about 280 m.p.h. Their purpose is solely to add drag, and to slow up the aircraft so that accurate dive-bombing attacks can be made: normally, the brakes lie flush under the wing, and are extended by a small hydraulic jack. Another point of interest is the radial cowlings round the liquid-cooled 1,200 h.p. Junkers Jumo 211a motors. The back half of the cabin seems to have been shot away

This huge flying-boat, shot down by anti-aircraft gunners, was of a type which has not previously been reported round our coasts. It is a high-wing monoplane of the type previously built by the Germans for the Netherlands Government; with three powerful radial engines, it is built to carry a crew of three or four, and has living and sleeping accommodation on board (as has our own Short Sunderland flying-boats). It is 72 ft. long, with a wing span of 88 ft., and fully loaded it weighs 13 tons. The Do. 24 can climb to 18,700 ft., and has a maximum speed of 211 m.p.h., with a range of over 2,100 miles—this gives it a duration of 10 hours in the air when on extensive patrol and even allows it to fly from Norway, round north Scotland, around the coast of Ireland, and on to northern France. This aircraft was caught in the beams of the searchlights, which thus gave the gunners a good target; when they opened fire, the flying-boat was hit and crashed into the sea, to make the 130th German machine to be brought down in Britain by A.A. guns



Drawings by V. L. Danvers

Drawing by Roland Davies

AIR RAID

when one man, anxious to show his to follow the plane's course. He was who immediately machine-gunned him turning to pass along the road running upper drawing. The "brave" man was others had very narrow escapes

GERMANY SHOWS INCREASING ANXIETY FOR THE SAFETY OF HER AIR PILOTS

Germany has during the past few weeks been showing an increased activity in rescuing her pilots from their rubber boats or from their crashed planes. Recently, pilots were reported to be using a greenish smoke-flare as an indication of their position after a crash: when the pilot set his flare going, out would come a fast motor boat to take him off, before our own R.A.F. boats could get there. Undoubtedly, their heavy losses of the past weeks have made the German authorities desperately anxious regarding their flying personnel. Reports are current that intensive night-flying training is now being undertaken in Germany; and she has also been making representations concerning her "flying ambulances." These have been known to be used for reconnaissance flights

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

ONE YEAR OF AIR WARFARE

THIS WAR WAS STARTED WITH AN AIR FORCE NUMERICALLY BELOW THAT OF THE ENEMY OWING TO POLITICAL MACHINATIONS EXTENDING OVER MANY YEARS. NEVERTHELESS, THE CHRONICLE OF ACHIEVEMENT BY THE R.A.F. DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS IS SOMETHING TO WONDER AT

SUNDAY, September 1, was, by order of the High Authority, a day of prayer and intercession for the victory of the Allies. I hope that our good priests, parsons, pastors, preachers, ministers, clergymen and rabbis of all denominations thought to pray that we may be delivered from the consequences of the hideous mistakes which we have made in the past, and more especially our lack of preparedness in the air. Praying for victory, and praying to be preserved against the assaults of others is all very well, but praying to be delivered from our own follies is more important. If that prayer be answered we need not bother the Almighty with any of the others.

Mr. Winston Churchill, not then a Cabinet Minister, said on May 29, 1936, "the use of recriminating about the past is to enforce effective action at the present." I trust that Mr. Churchill has not forgotten his saying, for there are signs of criticism, which may ultimately develop into recrimination, about several persons for whose position in office he himself is responsible. But most of the criticism to-day has naturally been directed at those who were in office before the war and during the first six months of it.

Some time about the end of 1916 an American friend said to me—"You Britishers have just got to win this war. For three years the Germans have been doing their darndest to win it and they have failed. For three years you've been doing your darndest to lose it and you've failed. So you just can't help winning."

Allowing for the higher speed of events, thanks largely to aviation, the same remark might be applied to the first year of this war. And we have even less excuse for our failures than we had in 1914.

Setting aside the fact that if our Air Force had been big enough, and if our diplomacy had been good enough to form a solid bloc with Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, France, and ourselves as a semi-circle on the west of Germany, there need have been no war at all—there still remains the fact that if our Air Force had been bigger and better equipped at the start we should have been much nearer winning the war than we are. There is no belittling of the officers and men of the R.A.F. in saying so. They at any rate are above reproach.

The Apostle Paul in the eighth verse of the fourteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians says: "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself to the battle?" When the late Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister the trumpet gave no sound at all. When Mr. Baldwin came into power, fearful of Lord Cecil of Chelwood and the voting power of his League of Nations Union, he went on with the disarmament policy which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and he had started.

The Marquess of Londonderry, whose acquaintance with the better-class Germans made him particularly well-informed of Germany's air strength, did his utmost to convince Mr. Baldwin of the need to expand the R.A.F. But nothing was done until 1936, when Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, later Lord Swinton, was appointed Air Minister. Even then, in our panic expansion, we never had a trumpet which gave a certain sound and so we never had a full rearmament policy to prepare us for battle.

Do not let us forget that the much-abused Sir Samuel Hoare, ably seconded by Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard—now Marshal of the R.A.F., Viscount Trenchard of Wolfeton, in Dorset—started in 1923 to build up again the Royal Air Force, which in 1919 had been reduced to one-tenth of its war-time strength by the then Secretary of State for War and Air (combined), Mr. Winston Churchill, and their efforts for eight years were continually frustrated by the politicians.

So when we declared war on Germany on September 3, 1939, Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of the Air Staff, found himself with a magnificent foundation on which a still more magnificent Air Force was to be built up, but with an Air Force which was neither big enough nor well enough equipped to do what it should have done, namely, carry the war into the enemy's own country at the start.

Even then our Government trumpet still gave an uncertain sound. Our political leaders of that time seemed to imagine that if we did not bomb Germany the Germans would not bomb us. Politicians on both sides in fact seemed determined that this should be a sea war with an air accompaniment. Consequently, neither side dropped bombs on the territory of the other.

THE FINEST

This is one of the many striking pictures now on view at the R.A.F. Exhibition in New Bond Street. It shows a Sunderland flying boat coming down low over the hazy Atlantic in front of a British convoy to examine more closely a sector of the sea where U-boats may be lying in wait for their prey. The massive proportions of the aircraft may be gauged by a comparison with the

German reconnaissance machines flew over the Orkney and Shetland Islands and attacked ships in the Firth of Forth and at sea, but they did not attack land positions. We made a disastrous raid on the German Navy's ships lying off Brunsbüttel—erroneously called the Kiel raid, although Kiel is at the other end of the canal. We made another unfortunate raid on shipping in the Heligoland Bight, and lost certain aeroplanes, the number of which has not yet been specified.

To stop the laying of magnetic mines we sent patrols every night to the Isle of Sylt with strict orders only to bomb aeroplanes on the water or in the air. And at last we bombed the seaplane station at the bottom of the island. And still we made no war on German territory.

We had a strong air force, the Advanced Air Striking Force, in France under Air Marshal Barrett, which were employed in photographing the no-man's-land between the Maginot Line and the Siegfried Positions, or in bomphleteering far into Germany in the worst weather. Fighters attached to this force amused themselves by gladiatorial combats over no-man's-land, or chasing German photographic scouts away from French territory.

None of that could be called striking at

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A BRITISH FIGHTER COMES TO GRIEF OVER THE CHANNEL:

This Sergeant Pilot of a Spitfire had to bale out from his machine over the English Channel after having shot down a German bomber. He was one of eleven British pilots rescued on the same day after very severe air fighting over the coast. During the course of these air battles, close watch is kept by R.A.F. observers and coastguards: as soon as a plane is reported down in the sea, or as soon as a pilot is seen to bale out, the fast motor boats now in service with the Royal Air Force dash out to the rescue, despite the machine-gunning to which some of them have been subjected by enemy planes. This pilot, like many other fighters, owes his life partly to the safety belt worn round his neck whenever he goes into action

—AND THE REASON SO MANY PILOTS SURVIVE

This newest item of equipment in the R.A.F. has proved its worth during recent weeks. It can be worn already inflated, or can be inflated in a few seconds in emergency. Now that so much fighting has been taking place around our shores the loss of British pilots has been nowhere near so great as that of the Germans. Most German pilots who come down are made captives; most British pilots at once go back into action

AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD FOR ITS SPECIAL PURPOSE: THE SHORT SUNDERLAND FLYING BOAT ON PATROL OVER THE ATLANTIC

size of the airmen at the upper fuselage gun hatch. The Sunderland weighs, fully loaded, some 22 tons; it is a long range reconnaissance flying boat powered with four Bristol Pegasus XXII engines, each of 850 h.p. Its armament includes multiple gun turrets fore and aft, and two further gun positions in the top of the fuselage (where the airmen above are standing). With the four engines developing a total of 3,360 h.p. at 6,250 ft., it attains a maximum speed of 210 m.p.h. and has a range of approximately 2,000 miles, or nearly 10 hrs. duration. Consequently, cooking and messing arrangements are carried out during flight, the spacious interior of the aircraft easily permitting of this. Aircraft of this type have, since the beginning of the war, covered several millions of miles in all weathers, on the many hazardous duties of the Coastal Command, including the spotting and attacking of submarines, escorting convoys and locating enemy warships. The arduous and continuous nature of these duties is well brought home by the weather-beaten aspect of the aircraft; there is no time in war for painting and primping except where absolutely essential

Germany. The state of affairs prompted Major Alford Williams, the famous American aviator and writer, to produce the aphorism that there was no bombing on land because the politicians on both sides knew that reciprocal bombing would put the politicians themselves in the firing line in two senses.

And so we went on, the people of this country luxuriously fed, in spite of the sea war, because of the courage of our sailor men in the cargo boats, whose voyages were made a trifle less hazardous by escorts of the Royal Navy and of the Coastal Command R.A.F.

Even just before the German irruption into Norway, when our air scouts reported assemblies of German troops and troop-carrying aircraft and troopships, our big bombers were not allowed to go over and do the work for which they had been designed. They were still kept carrying bomphlets. And again, although we knew of the concentration of tanks and armoured vehicles opposite to Holland and Belgium, our Air Force was still not properly employed.

When we did get to work in Norway we found that our bombers were inadequately armed for self-protection. The Hampdens had to be kept on the ground while their armament was reconstructed by the combined enterprise of the local R.A.F. and a local engineering firm. The Wellingtons and Whitleys were re-armed with the famous Frazer-Nash hydraulically-operated four-gun turrets, as and when occasion allowed. The Blenheims also were given heavier armament and armour was provided for the gunners.

We were beaten out of Norway because we had no fighters which could get there and fight and get home again. At the last moment, fighters of the Fleet Air Arm and one squadron of Gladiators of the R.A.F., carried in one of His Majesty's aircraft-carriers, did succeed in getting to Norway, but were annihilated by sheer weight of the German bombers.

Then came the *blitzkrieg* in Flanders. For the first time our fighters were able to throw themselves into the battle and do what they were designed to do. But the bombers had to work as army co-operation machines, doing their best by bombing bridges, railways and lines of communication to take some of the pressure of the advancing Germans off the beaten French Army.

While the Navy, and all the little boats, were getting the British Army out of Dunkirk our fighters were magnificent. Spitfires, Hurricanes and Defiants all deserve the highest praise possible. The men on the beaches complained that they never saw them, but that was because they were miles behind the front and tens of thousands of feet up in the air, massacring the German bombers, so that, numerous as they seemed, the men on the beaches saw only a small percentage of the German aircraft which were sent to get them.

When at last the French cried for an armistice the R.A.F. was released to do its own job. And our big bombers set to work on the German aircraft factories and sources of munition supply.

In the meantime, Lord Beaverbrook had been created Minister for Aircraft Production. He did a bold thing. He stopped the production of all but a certain limited number of types of bombers and fighters which we needed urgently. And he raised our output to figures which not only beat all our own records but the German output as well.

Consequently, when the Germans started their big attacks on the South and East Coasts of this country they were met by fighter squadrons which caused losses in proportions varying from four to one to ten to one day after day.

In the meantime, considerable alterations had been made inside the Air Ministry itself, which naturally have not been advertised. The most important public change was the appointment of a Member for Training on the Air Council, with three Directors under him. That was an excellent move because, until then, the training system had been badly jammed, so that there were thousands of youngsters in the elementary stages of training who could not get out into the squadrons, and the number of new squadrons which could be formed was limited by the number of pilots well enough trained to go into them.

At the time of writing, although the towns along the South Coast have suffered heavily from bombing, German bomber squadrons suffered still more heavily, and the Germans seem to realise that we can hold their mass attacks.

That is probably why they now seem to be making sporadic raids by one or two or three machines at a time all over the country. That form of attack is difficult to meet and beat, but it will be stopped in due course. Probably the best way of stopping it is to smash the supply of German aircraft at its source.

To-day the bomber and fighter squadrons of the R.A.F. deserve the heartfelt thanks of the nation for having saved us by their personal skill and gallantry from far worse things than we have suffered. But good as our aeroplanes are they might well have been better if our national trumpet had given a more certain sound in the past.

Next Sunday is, I believe, to be the Harvest Festival in most churches in this country. That is to say, there will be a Service of Thanksgiving. I trust that ministers of all creeds will, besides giving thanks for a good harvest, thank the Almighty that we have not suffered the fate which we deserve.

ONE OF THE NEW TYPES OF AIRCRAFT NOW IN BRITISH SERVICE

When the Duke of Kent visited a Royal Air Force Station a few days ago, he inspected many new types of American aircraft now being put into service. Among them was the Douglas "Boston" D.B.7 shown above. This is a twin-engined light bomber of unorthodox design. The fuselage is deep and narrow and curls upward towards the tail. The undercarriage is of the "tricycle" type—the first of this kind to be employed by the R.A.F.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE WAR

Literature to Pulp, Necessities to Luxuries; The Summer Past and to Come

OBSOLETE NOVELS.—The plea for the weeding out and pulping of hundreds of thousands of novels perforce stored in the British Museum has been received both as common sense and as vandalism. I confess that I regard it as common sense.

Judged as literature, 90 per cent. of the novels stored annually from the nineteenth century onwards are worthless. The main argument of those who cry "vandalism" is that these novels, good or bad, reflect the age which produces them and are therefore of value to social historians.

It is perfectly true that the novel reflects the mind of its period when it deals with its own times. That is not true of bad historical novels. Of those that deal with and reflect the times and minds of their period, no one can underrate the importance of the "minor classics." For the classics can be taken for granted.

Social history could not be written without recourse to, for example, Jane Austen, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Ferrier, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and so on. Hardly less important is the light on their times thrown by Emily Eden, "Ouida" or Elinor Glyn.

The *Semi-attached Couple is* the age of the Reform Bill, as viewed in Whig circles; the *Visits of Elizabeth is* the Edwardian age as lived in the circle of Privilege; for any age a cross section of the novels of that age do the duty adequately. It is a question of selection. And when you come to the crime novels of the past two decades, the absurdity of the cry of "vandalism" becomes gross. Crime fiction is a dream world. In a hundred of them you might not find one single fresh light on the minds of the day of which they treat. They are cut to a conventional pattern. Two dozen out of twenty thousand such crime novels would satisfy (as well as assist) the most meticulous searcher after the truth of social history. I should be the first to agree that literary merit is not the sole criterion governing retention by the B.M.

A good photograph is often as valuable as an aid to the truth as an inspired vision, often indeed more valuable. Miss Eden's photography is as valuable to the social historian as Jane Austen's genius. Mrs. Glyn is from that point of view as important to history as Bennett or Wells: nay, even the now unreadable novels of Mary Cholmondeley may deserve to be consulted beside Mrs. Ward's. But the bulk of modern crime fiction, the ruck of the novels of the last 100 years? No, a thousand times no.

Beautifully Less: Luxury and Necessity.—Looking back over a life which began in the Victorian age, had conscious and clear memories of the "naughty nineties" and the squandermania of the Edwardian age, I am often struck by the number of appurtenances of life which have gradually changed from "necessities" to redundancies or luxuries or impossibilities. Servants, for example. Until about 1900, it was considered to be due to the dignity of every householder of the upper and middle classes who had attained in his profession to the £2,000 a year salary scale to keep a manservant. His wife, of course, could not pay a visit or indeed prepare herself for her daily round without a lady's maid. An income of £2,500 a year from all sources envisaged a domestic staff of six at least, including a manservant.

Meals.—It was impossible to entertain friends at dinner with a meal of fewer than seven courses or at luncheon with fewer than four. The family dinner was an affair of five courses and the table was always elaborately swept for dessert with glass finger bowls which were no mere ornament. The table was always decorated with a wealth of silver or gilt plate and the sideboards were similarly ornamented. At least five breakfast dishes stood on the sideboard at the smallest country house party. The cook, I suppose, received £60 a year, the manservant £50, the lady's maid £60, the head housemaid £45 (with "beer and washing").

The ladies' maid's job was no sinecure. She did a good deal of dressmaking and was constantly employed as chaperone. For, if the household could not support a "young ladies'" maid also, her mistress had to part with her every time a grown-up daughter paid a country visit or even lunched out. A girl could not go by train or even in a cab through London unattended. The manservant, too, had duties outside the house.

He must sit on the box with the coachman when the brougham went out on its social rounds in the afternoon and evening. His duty was to ring the bells of a score of houses in Mayfair and Belgravia and solemnly to hand in pasteboards, suitably turned down at the edge (to signify farewells), or otherwise annotated, or to ask if the lady of the house was in, and he returned to his own lady with the answer "at hem" or "net at hem." And at night he stood at the host's front door to call his mistress's carriage.

Coffee and tea.—When I first remember details in the scheme of things, the "tea equipage" was still brought into the drawing-room at ten o'clock at night, coffee of course having been served soon after nine. Until 1914, at any rate, no "self-respecting" person would have foregone his cup of coffee after luncheon.

Luggage.—Gladstone bags, trunks and suitcases were of heaviest leather, so that only a trained weight-lifter could handle them.

The same type of household to-day is thankful if it can secure the services of two semi-trained maids; it offers a dinner of three courses to its friends; it dines en famille off two courses; it regards coffee after luncheon, and even after dinner, as a luxury; it is satisfied with a single breakfast dish; and every convention which had its roots in showing-off or "maintaining a social position" has long since been laughed out of court and consigned to the limbo of forgotten follies.

It is when I consider the waste of time, of labour, of foodstuffs, the tyranny of employers and the slavery of employment, the over-elaboration for show purposes, the over-eating and over-dressing, the complications deliberately added to human existence, that I see gleams of hope in the dark clouds of our present still complicated existence.

To-day it is a complicated struggle to exist, yesterday it was a complicated struggle to preserve class distinctions (at least for all but the very highest and the lowest classes). But the fetters to-day are not of our own making. Yesterday we were the slaves of convention, our fetters self-imposed. To-day we are the slaves of economic hardship and we are forever struggling to free ourselves, for ever trying to break the strands.

"Contrairy."—How many summers like the present can a man hope to see in a life of normal length? Perhaps seven, with luck. We had waited long for such a summer, affording such certainty (in normal times) of summer joys. When at last it came, its roses were all nipped and only its thorns were perceptible.

If things *had* been normal! Every cricket match would have been played out, every sports meeting would have been a certainty as a date and as a success. We should have bathed and lazed and sunned ourselves as never before. We should have enjoyed more meals than ever before in the open air, slept out of doors, lived in the sea and on the rivers, gloried in our gardens, bought caravans and toured the country with the optimism induced by one real summer, invested in launches, punts, canoes, linen suits, panama hats . . .

Our girls would have carried the pyjamas habit to the lowest common measure compatible with bare (very bare) decency, and every Lido attraction would have paid 100 per cent. Think of the open-air plays, pageants, revels which would have blossomed anew. Think of London's new open-air restaurants on the Paris model.

It would have been Merry England under the Greenwood indeed. Think of our lost joys. Or, better, don't think. My old nurse used to say to me, to check my childish disappointment over cancelled fixtures: "Hoots, child, never worry yourself. If you live, you will have plenty as good, and if you die, you'll have an eternity of far better." I don't know that her philosophy brought comfort. I don't know that in middle age I can apply it with comfort to this rare and lost summer. But there it is. It's lost, and yet it is not lost. If you have to go through with a bad experience, it may be that it is soonest over if conditions are favourable for its utmost intensity.

It has been a good summer on the whole for murder from the air, and that is not to say that we shall part from a lovely summer, which we could not exploit, with regret. On the contrary, I think that for once we shall welcome the fogs of November and the blizzards of December.

Our comfort in the short, dark days to come will be, not of summer joys freshly remembered but of that glorious real summer to come — so long expected—when we shall live its joys every hour of every day and look upward to the blue sky as a friend and a blessing, and not as a suspect, a kill-joy, a wolf in sheep's clothing.

That Dream Summer to Come.—We shall lie on our backs and look up at the sky, at peace with the world. The cooing from the beeches will indeed be wood pigeons and not sirens. The hum in the air will be bees in the limes making honey, not planes raining death. Nothing will call us back to the house at one o'clock or six o'clock. Our wireless sets will be on the newly created litter dumps. And after dinner we shall be communing still with nature out of doors, not listening to warnings, restrictions, regulations, hate and lies, and tales of death and destruction.

We shall be, in that sharp reaction, all for simplicity in life. We shall be tired of everything that is not relevant to constructive purposes; we shall all be very poor, at least I hope so, and we shall resist every tendency that seeks to revive or restore the thousand complications we have shed.

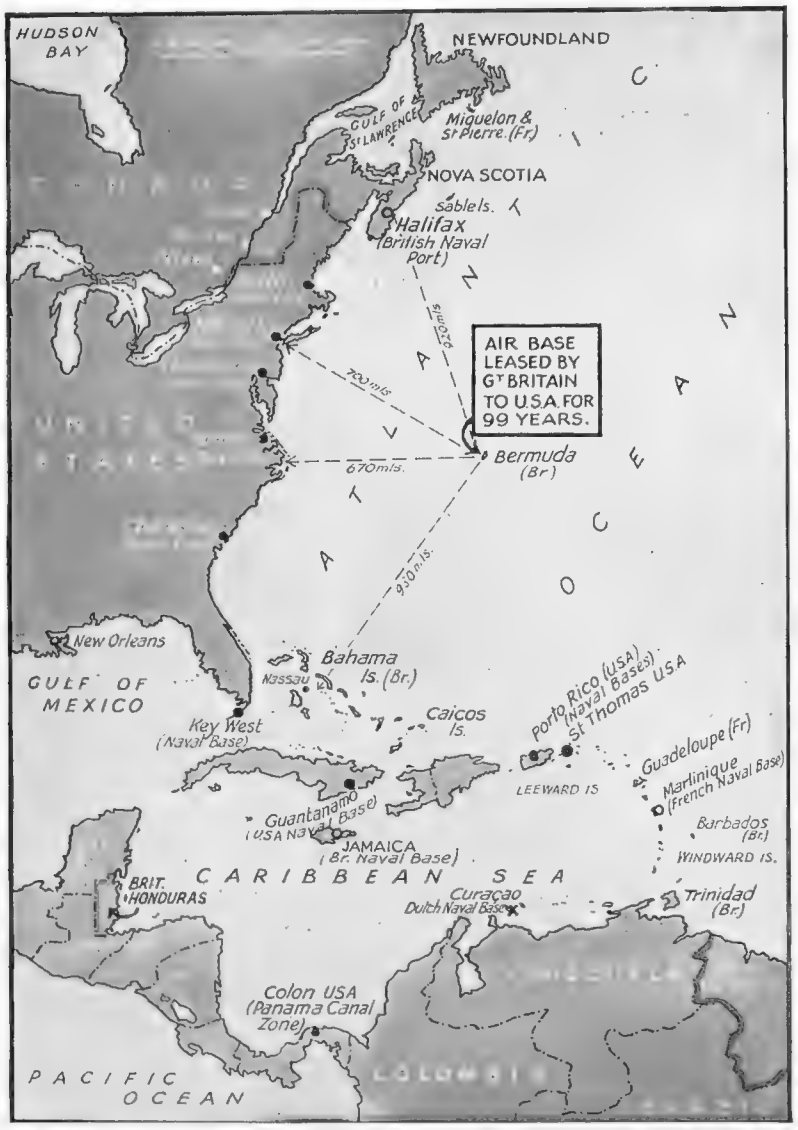
Shall we be such fools as to raise round our lives again, brick by brick, all those imprisoning walls, property, position, new and newer experiences and sensations and diversions? Surely in that first summer after peace comes, we shall be truly Arcadians and be content with the music of birds of the air which carries no message of death and the hum of bees which are storing sweetness. Surely to God that summer at least we shall still be on brotherly terms with our neighbours who have suffered so much with us.

J. G.

FAMOUS SPORTSMEN JOIN THE R.A.F.: Many famous sportsmen, whose names are household words in this country, have joined the R.A.F. to serve in various capacities. Several of them are stationed at a Reception College in the Midlands where they are being prepared for their future war-time appointments. In this picture are seen the following familiar sporting personalities. From left to right—Pilot Officer W. C. Powell, Welsh International Rugby captain; Pilot Officer H. G. Bentley, Amateur International golfer; Pilot Officer Henry Cotton, the golfing champion; Flight-Lieutenant Stollery (former Chelsea trainer); Pilot Officer J. V. Powell, English International half-miler; and Pilot Officer P. G. H. Fender, the famous cricketer

BASES LEASED TO THE U.S.

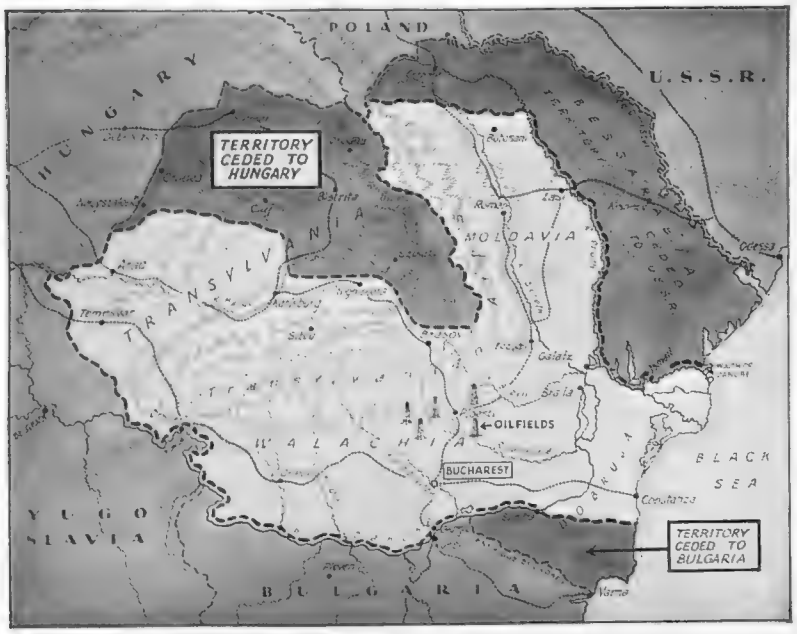
The Shorn Rumania, and the Yes-men of France : The German Raider's Great Journeyings in the Pacific



"ROLL ON, LET IT ROLL": What has been regarded by many as a first definite link with the United States in the vital matter of defence against foreign aggression took place when the use of air and naval facilities at Bermuda was granted to the United States for a period of ninety-nine years. On Tuesday a number of other important positions were mentioned as available to the U.S.A.

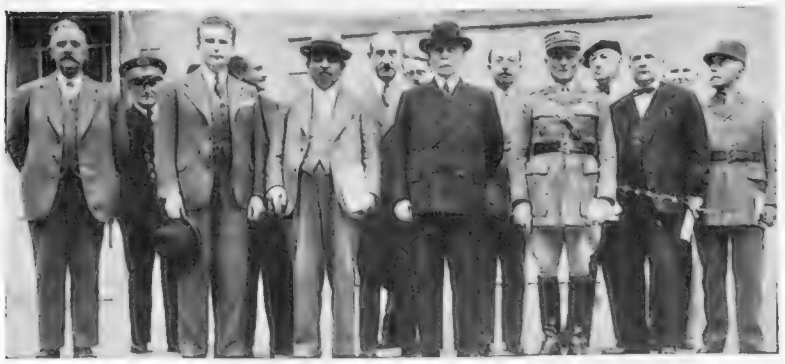
THE GERMAN RAIDER REAPPEARS IN THE TASMAN SEA: After sinking the British steamer *Davisian* near the Virgin Islands, West Indies, and a little later the freighter *King John*, the German raider revealed that it had travelled some 11,000 miles to the Tasman Sea

ICELAND The British and Canadian troops in Iceland have established excellent relations with the inhabitants. Life in the little capital is conducted on easy lines, for the island has been prospering in recent times owing to the demand for cod and halibut



RUMANIA'S PARLOUS CONDITION: For months past Rumania had been subjected to pressure from Italy, Germany and Russia. Bessarabia went to Russia early in August; there remained Italy and Germany as the outside forces holding Hungary on the leash. The last named demanded her full pound of flesh, but was last week told to accept the amount of territory indicated above

NO CHANCES TAKEN WITH POSSIBLE INVADERS: Although Iceland lies far away in the latitude of the Arctic Circle, the military command is fully alive to the possibilities of an enemy raid for there are a multitude of inlets running deeply into the land. *Below*—The Canadian Royals are seen exercising with Bren gun carriers



THE MEN OF VICHY, photographed on the steps in the garden of the Pavilion de Sevigne in the "capital" of unoccupied France. From left to right the names are:—M. Mireaux (Minister of Public Instruction); Admiral Jean Darlan (Navy); M. Baudouin (Foreign Affairs); M. Alibert (Justice); M. Laval (Vice-Premier); M. Marquet (Interior); M. Bouthillier (Finance); Marshal Pétain (Prime Minister); M. Caziot (Agriculture and Supplies); General Weygand (National Defence); M. Ybarnegaray (Ex-Servicemen and Families); M. Lemery (Colonies); General Pujo (Air); General Colson (War)

THE NUMBER OF PRISONERS GROWS

Some of the Enemy Airmen Captured During the Past Few Days

THIS GERMAN AIRMAN TOOK TO HIS PARACHUTE AFTER HIS PLANE HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN BY R.A.F. FIGHTERS. THE PARACHUTE WAS ALSO CAPTURED INTACT; AND THE CIGARETTE WAS SUPPLIED BY A BRITISH SOLDIER

THIS IS THE PILOT OF THE MACHINE THAT MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL SAW CRASH: THE PILOT BALED OUT BY PARACHUTE WHEN HIS PLANE WAS HIT

ONE OF TWO NAZI AIRMEN BROUGHT DOWN ON THE SOUTH COAST, ENTRAINING AT A STATION A SHORT DISTANCE FROM WHERE HE MET HIS DOWNFALL

A SERGEANT-PILOT (BEHIND) AND AN AIR-GUNNER OFFICER (WEARING THE IRON CROSS) CAPTURED WHEN THE DORNIER 17 PICTURED ON PAGE 294 OF THIS ISSUE WAS SHOT DOWN. IT WAS THE PILOT'S FIRST FLIGHT TO ENGLAND—AND LAST!

A YOUNG GERMAN AIRMAN HELPED ASHORE AFTER HIS PLANE HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN IN THE AIR ABOVE THE CHANNEL

Mass raids on Britain began on August 11: from that date well over 1,000 enemy planes have been brought down—mainly by R.A.F. fighters, but also by anti-aircraft guns. But, important as it is to destroy the enemy's aircraft (and thus reduce the disparity between his Air Force and ours) it is even more important to reduce his personnel. How effectively this is being done is demonstrated by the figures issued from time to time by the Air Ministry. In twenty days, for example, the Germans lost 1,019 planes over England—*but*, they also lost a trained personnel of 2,500: in one week they lost 293 planes, but with them 700 trained airmen. In this same period the R.A.F.—in defence of Britain *and* in raids over enemy territory (and, it must be remembered, this latter is a very valuable work)—lost only 128 planes and 110 airmen. Some of the latter are no doubt prisoners. This wastage of their most valuable personnel must be causing the Germans the very liveliest concern. Already they have been known to be employing "hospital planes" for the rescue of their airmen brought down over the sea: these same planes have also been used for reconnaissance, and are therefore no longer recognised by the British Government. Now the enemy is trying to employ "Red Cross ships" for the same purpose: these craft, too, we have refused to recognise. These facts, however, demonstrate that, wasteful as Germany has always been of personnel, she is now confronting losses which she can no longer afford.

IN LONDON: A WELL-GUARDED GERMAN AIRMAN ON HIS WAY TO INTERNMENT

IRON CROSSES SEEM TO BE COMMON: TWO YOUNG AIRMEN ON THEIR WAY THROUGH LONDON

A GERMAN N.C.O. ON THE PLATFORM OF A SOUTH COAST RAILWAY STATION

QUITE PERKY AND DAPPER! A GERMAN LIEUTENANT TAKES TRAIN FROM SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND FOR HIS NEW HOME, THE INTERNMENT CAMP

A WOUNDED AIRMAN BEING BROUGHT ASHORE IN A BOAT AFTER HAVING BEEN SHOT DOWN IN THE AIR IN MID-CHANNEL

AN AIRMAN FROM A GERMAN BOMBER WHICH CRASHED IN THE SEA BEING TRANSFERRED FROM THE FISHING BOAT WHICH RESCUED HIM TO A LIFEBOAT

WOUNDED IN THE LEG AND BROUGHT DOWN OVER THE CHANNEL: A GERMAN AIRMAN COMES ASHORE AFTER RECEIVING FIRST-AID TREATMENT IN THE BOAT

THIS PILOT SHED HIS FLYING BOOTS WHEN HE WAS BROUGHT DOWN IN THE SEA BY AN R.A.F. FIGHTER AND CAME ASHORE BAREFOOT

CARS FOR SCRAP IN RESPONSE TO MR. MORRISON'S APPEAL: This response has been remarkable throughout the entire country. The Supply Minister asked for old motor-cars, for breaking up, so that parts might be converted into armaments. Some of the vehicles arrive at the collecting centres under their own power; others, of course, have to be towed. In many cases people are giving the cars freely, whilst many others are asking a very low price. This picture was taken at a South London centre where hundreds of cars are now being broken up: the wood and paint are burned, so as to get down to the bare metal quickly

A WAR-TIME REVUE BY SCHOOLBOYS: *Go To It* is the name of a revue which the boys of Westminster School have recently been presenting at Moreland Hall, London, in aid of charity. The show was conceived when the School evacuated to Lancing, and a "private performance" was given there: when the school moved again—to Exeter—the boys did it publicly. The reception encouraged them to arrange for a London presentation. In the picture above is seen the "Great Marvello" item—from left to right are: F. P. M. Hurdis-Jones, M. H. Flanders (the producer of the Revue) as the Great Marvello, Ian Abrahams and D. G. Brock

AN EEL-CATCHING DEMONSTRATION AT CROWLAND FEN, LINCOLNSHIRE: The eel has suddenly come in for a great deal of attention from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. "Catch the eel," the Ministry has said, and is following up its flat with a series of demonstrations in Dorset, Somerset, Norfolk and Lincolnshire. It is hoped to introduce into general use the Dutch eel net which consists of 1,500 yards of woven silk, but there are only a few of these available at the moment. Although there are enough eels in our waters to satisfy our needs, Britain used to import more than 2,000 tons a year from Holland and Denmark. Mr. F. P. K. Pentelan and Mr. R. F. Dade (on the right) of the Ministry are seen above demonstrating how to lift a net

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

Armchair Trips to Africa and S. America

Two Outstanding Travel Books and Interesting Novels in this Week's New Volumes

MR. NEGLEY FARSON is an American and a skilled journalist. His instinct for news of an unusual character at an unusual time led him to disembark at Dar-es-Salaam with the ultimate object of fetching up on the Gold Coast. **BEHIND GOD'S BACK** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a record of a trip across equatorial Africa which, in his own words, "was a jumble of emotions and impressions—and politics." His only companion was his wife, and with a true instinct of a reporter he plunges into one of his most dramatic incidents, which was a trek with the Angola Boers, into the uninhabited territory above Utjo in South-West Africa.

These were the real nomad Boers, in whom the instinct was always to be moving on, always to be looking for new land, always to be fighting for a bare subsistence, and too often to find themselves check-mated in waterless scrub. From there he moved on into the prohibited territory of Ovambaland, and over the period of his stay with Nehemia of the many wives and fifteen hundred cattle he permits himself a nostalgic interlude. Thereabouts he made contact with the elusive Bushmen, a primitive aboriginal type, all but exterminated because it cannot live in reservations, and has been relentlessly hunted by white and black man alike.

In South-West Africa, Mr. Farson was able to study British Colonial policy, South African Mandatory policy, the effects of German colonisation and the various manifestations of the present German colonial aims at first hand. In a political interlude he slips with the reader down to Cape Town and talks with the leading South African political figures, including General Smuts, Mr. Pirow and Dr. Malan. He also interviews resident Governors and officials, as well as all the leading German Führers dotted about like strong points in every Mandate.

It is all excellent reportage. The author and his wife must have had plenty of adventures and to spare, but with these the book has little concern. His interest is always in the people he meets and the conditions as he perceives them. The result is an enthralling series of impressions of men and conditions in a temporarily forgotten land, and containing the thread of a story which is worthy of anybody's attention to-day.

The author of **SOUTHWARD HO!** (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), Mr. William la Varre, describes himself as a treasure hunter in South America. He has crossed that continent at eighteen different points, seeking not the fabled treasure of the Inca, the gold and the precious stones which meant treasure in ancient days, but the modern riches of oil, rubber, drugs, chicle, wool, and most of all minerals.

He crossed frontiers remote from civilisation and very naturally found strange peoples, stranger adventures, and witnessed that which the eye of the white man had never before seen. It is a story of colour and variety, of lost civilisations, of pathetic proofs of man's endeavour in the past. It is also a story which opens up vistas of the sources of tremendous wealth. It is plentifully illustrated, and written in a pleasant colloquial style.

In giving her volume of stories the title of **MASKS AND FACES** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), it is explained that Miss Phyllis Bottome is interpreting the "masks" as those of us who either consciously or unconsciously use smoke-screens in order to misrepresent our characters to ourselves or to the world; and the "faces" are those who have in some measure worked down to reality, and can be counted upon to carry out what they stand for. The first of this collection is an excellently rounded study of a great actress, whose life had been dedicated to her career. The portrait may be recognisable, but as an exercise in technique it is an excellent *tour de force*. So, indeed, is the story of the egotist who made the wrong choice between a Himalayan peak and the woman who loved him.

In *Cæsar's Wife's Ear*, Miss Bottome plumbs the human springs with a touch of macabre: in another story she goes straight to the inhuman heart of enthroned terror, and in yet another she can use a shipwreck with some effect upon the inhibitions of a determined spinster.

All these stories have the neat air of accomplishment, and like most such collections they can be said to be unequal.

Mr. Roland Pertwee, who has recently enlivened our day with a volume of frank and entertaining autobiography, has now measured his talents to the production of a long and serious novel. **THE CAMELION'S DISH** (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is the old story of the conflict between love and friendship.

The bond between Michael and Gerry sprang from roots deep in their childhood, a period upon which the author lingers with a good deal of dexterous play upon a family background, leading them eventually into the world of the theatre, with an occasional aside on fishing which always produces the best from Mr. Pertwee.

These early intimations produce rather a long prologue, in which the author obviously enjoys his talent for story-telling, but from it emerges the portraits of Michael and Gerry all ready for the strong play of the drama which is to follow the entrance of Sarah and Linda.

Sarah is a remarkable character, and the outbreak of war—the last war—provides her with her dramatic purpose which is to break the friendship of two men in order to secure one for her own. From this moment onward Mr. Pertwee lets himself rip, and uses every device known to dramatic technique.

It might be reasonable and legitimate that Sarah should torture her Michael by seducing Gerry for her own ends, but that a very much earned, but rejected V.C. should come into the picture is a touch which strains the credulity of all save those who loved the Lyceum.

The serious purpose of Mr. Pertwee's novel rests upon its climax. He had every right to tidy it all up and leave his four people headed for an unruffled future. It might have been a better novel if he had not.

THE ENGLISH AIR by D. E. Stevenson (Collins. 8s.) could be nothing else but English in its setting of country houses, village life, strawberries and cream, afternoon tea, well-set-up young men in tennis flannels with a deceptive air of languor, and purposeful but at the same time charming and delightful young women who dash about playing tennis and drinking cocktails.

Into this well-recognisable scene comes a young German, a cousin by marriage who is quite rightly baffled and bewildered by it all. His astonishment is at the same time strengthened by his determination as a good young Nazi to find out what the English are really like, what their national purpose may be, and in fact what they are up to. He has a grim father, powerful in the Party, who also desires to know these things. The story is concerned first of all with his bewilderment, then by his understanding, and then with his revolt against all the beliefs which had been hammered into him since childhood. It is a pleasant, easygoing story, and if the metamorphosis is a little too easy and the drama of the climax too facile to be convincing, it nevertheless has a freshness and a simplicity which is not without its charm.

With lights out and with a precious cargo of aeroplanes, the dark grey shape of the S.S. *Edwardic* was steaming towards England. **MURDER IN THE SUBMARINE ZONE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is Mr. Carter Dickson's latest contribution to topical detective fiction.

There were very few passengers on board, but quite enough to provoke the correct complement of murders and to provide exciting material for a veritable king among detectives to do his stuff. Mr. Carter Dickson is a master not only of the baffling clue, but of suspense and atmosphere. He has a rare quality among detective writers, being able to wrap his mysteries in the flesh and blood of a good story. That this is a good Carter Dickson is all that his fans will need to know.

Miss Nancy Mitford's new novel is a very good joke, and like many good jokes is short, ingenious and has a shred of truth in it somewhere. **PIGEON PIE** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) may not be exactly what the doctor ordered, in the homely phrase, but it is exactly what the patient would appreciate. It has lively and very feminine wit, it has some admirable caricatures of contemporary phenomena and it is not too reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh to be irritating.

Its great charm, though, is the picture it contains of a vast group of earnest young men and women, all belonging to the same "Brotherhood" and all inclined to have quiet times in the housemaid's cupboard at the slightest provocation. These stalwarts, whom Miss Mitford castigates as "blue-eyed and blue-toothed," invade the large London house of the heroine, shortly after the beginning of the war and, there they stay, slapping each other on the back in the jolliest possible way.

In this unattractive throng, Sophia, their unwilling hostess, discovers three German spies whose interests range from carrier pigeons to murder, and duly brings them to justice by her own unorthodox methods. It is a gay little book.

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IMPROMPTU PERFORMANCE DURING A RAID: Arthur Riscoe, Phyllis Robins, Sydney Howard, and Richard Hearne, principals of *Shephard's Pie* at the Princes, entertaining the audience long after the end of the show during one of the night raids last week. The audience also danced on the stage till the "All Clear" was sounded

THE THEATRE'S AIR RAID SEASON

Drama and Music to the Sound of the Sirens

WHATEVER alterations may be rendered necessary in London's theatrical arrangements by the song of the sirens, the behaviour of audiences could not be altered for the better. The first performances of two plays (both revivals) which I attended last week were punctuated by ululations from outside—"noises off"—which dramatists of an earlier and more fortunate generation can never have anticipated. The effect on the progress of the play was negligible—merely the announcement from the stage officially demanded—and on the audience was precisely nil.

The same marks for good behaviour can go to our music lovers. I was enjoying Elgar's "Enigma" Variations at a "Prom" the other night when a strange—by which I mean an unfamiliar—face appeared on the platform and Sir Henry Wood laid down his baton. When the stranger gave us the news that the warning had just wailed (and news it was, since no sirens can hope to compete with Elgarian brass) Sir Henry picked it up again, completed the Variations and afterwards proceeded with Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" what time Till Hitler's Merry Pranks were going on up above.

In the interval I had a talk with Sir Henry, who gave me a cigar, told me how pleased he was with the playing of the L.S.O., and looked (and is) the very embodiment of youthful vigour and cheeriness, although he has been conducting these concerts for nearly fifty years.

"Outward Bound."—One would not put down a play about a boat-load of dead people drifting about to await Judgment Day as an ideal war-time entertainment. Yet this fine effort of the late Sutton Vane has so many qualities, including even humour, that the revival at the New Theatre should certainly be seen. Of the original cast only Mr. Stanley Lathbury, the ship's steward, who shepherds all those lost souls with such tact, remains.

All the newcomers are good and some of them, notably Mr. Anthony Hawtrey, Mr. Frederick Leister, Miss Sarah Churchill and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, very good indeed. Mr. Terence de Marney managed rather subtly, by certain Cockney intonations, to convey that he was, according to the plot, the unsuspected son of the humble "daughter of the people," played by Miss Louise Hampton.

"Cornelius."—Mr. Priestley has written better plays than *Cornelius*, revived at the Westminster. But as Mr. Priestley has not written a bad play yet and as this one comes fairly high up on his list I strongly advise a visit. Here is life itself, rather grey life, but interestingly accurate and always dramatically handled. Mr. Stephen Murray heads a strong cast and a particularly good performance comes from Miss Ann Wilton.

"Apple-sauce!"—This revue at the Holborn Empire is much like other recent revues at the Holborn Empire—that is to say, it is vastly efficient and slick, has plenty of pretty girls, is full of slap-dash fun, and contains not a few jokes which are not so much near the knuckle as the knuckle itself. Mr. Max Miller is the comedian-in-chief. Miss Doris Hare is a comedienne who is a pleasant mixture of Miss Violet Loraine and the late Marie Lloyd. Miss Jean Carr is, as they say, "easy on the eye."

Some brilliant imitations are given by M. Afrique, including one of the late Signor Caruso singing Sullivan's "The Lost Chord." I stated publicly that it was unlikely that Caruso had even heard of that song, and it now turns out that he actually made a gramophone record of it. The more polite of many correcting correspondents suggested that "Homer had nodded." Well, it's worth while making a mistake sometimes if one can be compared with Homer.

PHILIP PAGE

TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AT THE B.B.C.: Miss Evelyn Dall, the musical comedy and revue actress, has a discussion in the small hours of the morning at a B.B.C. studio after her broadcast in the North American transmission. With her is Bob Beatty, her Canadian announcer, and in the background is Cecil Madden, the producer

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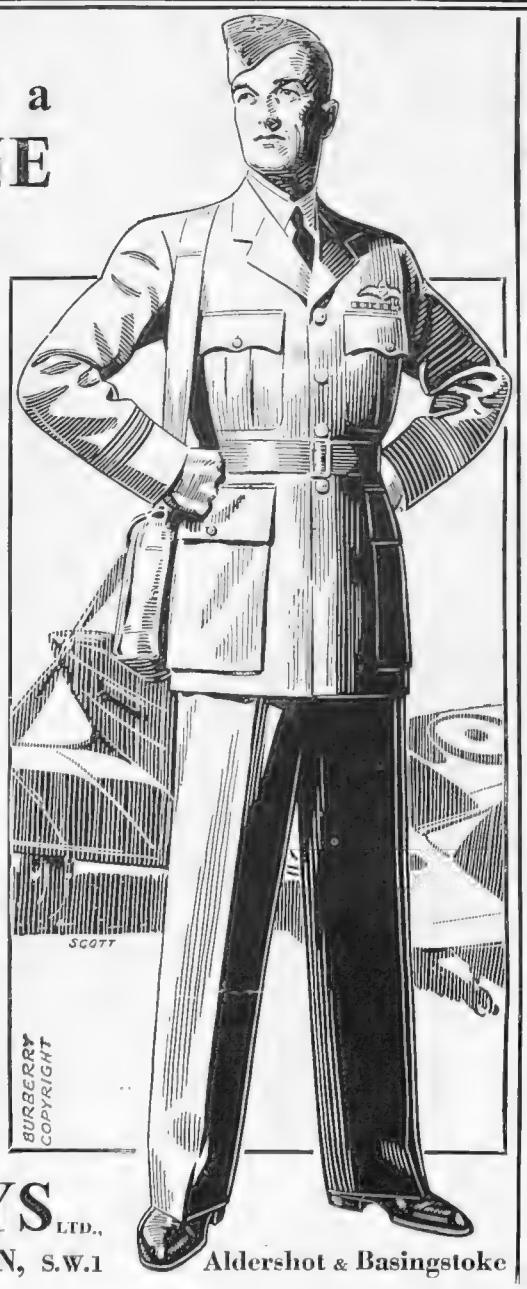

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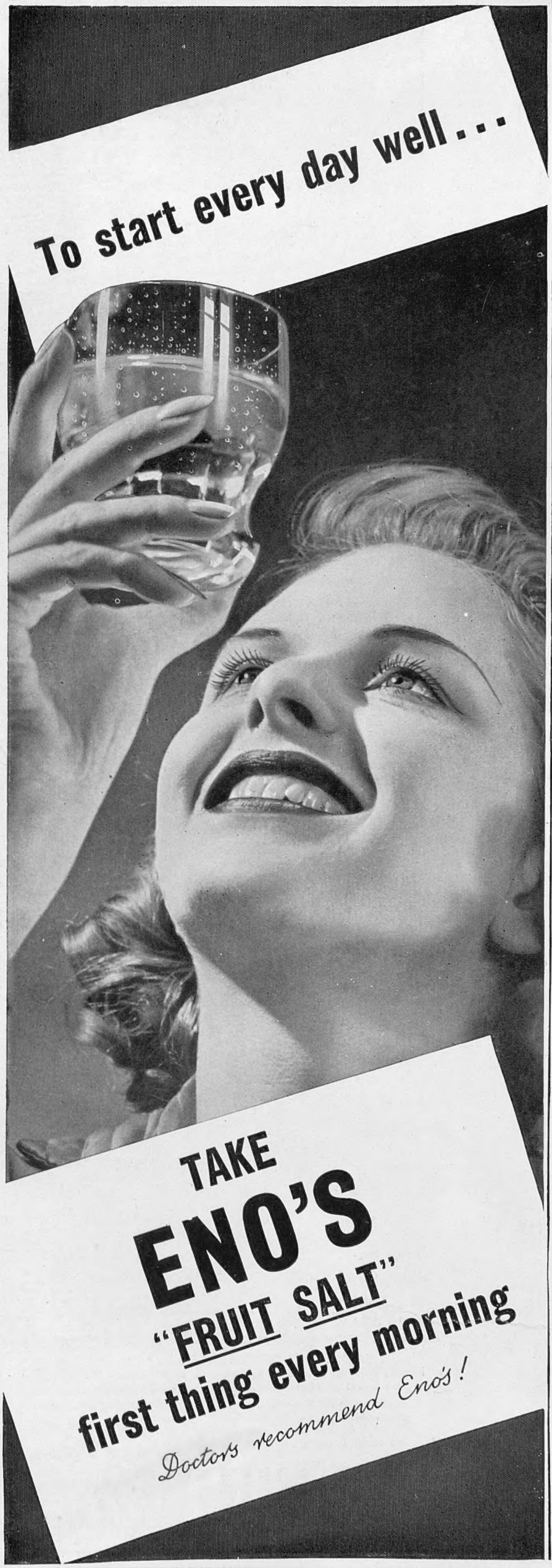

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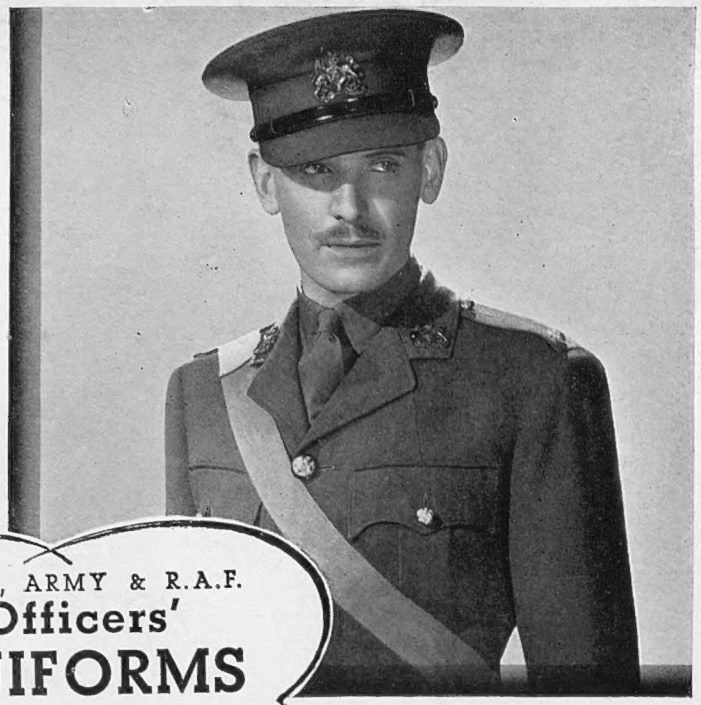

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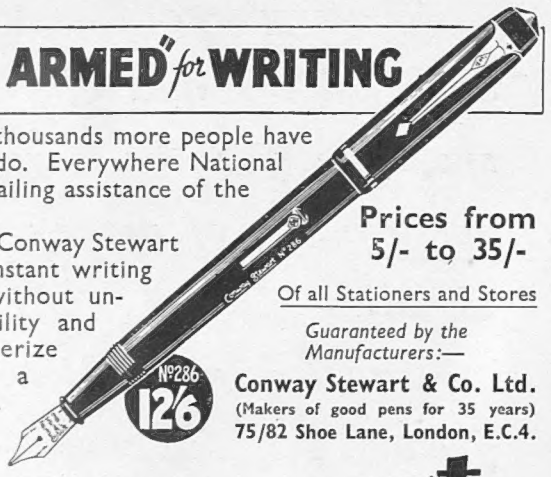

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

LIVING in an hotel for the duration is the only answer these days to many domestic problems, particularly for people whose homes are normally on our east and south coastlines, and while the luxuries of hotel life are all very well for a few weeks or a month, there are many people who miss the privacy of their own homes after a time.

To such people I suggest that they explore the city of Oxford, for they will find in the residential part of the town, in Bardwell Road, Bardwell Court, which is not so much an hotel as a home. It consists of six large houses, three on either side of the road, divided into single-room and two-room flats, some of the latter so arranged that a larger flat can be made from two smaller ones. Each flat has its own bedroom and sitting-room, its own hall and bathroom.

Parties can be catered for, or meals served privately if you wish, though naturally there is a little extra charge for this. Otherwise you can take your meals in the sunny dining-room, relax at leisure in lounges or quiet gardens, and, whenever you feel inclined, retire to your own little suite.

Standing well back from the road, in wide gravelled drives that allow cars to come right to the front door, there is nothing of the "modern block of flats" about the appearance of these buildings. From the outside they look like large private houses; inside, they reveal innumerable small domains. Staff troubles, which have beset so many hotels of late, have passed by Bardwell Court, I suspect because Miss Clay and her sister, who are in charge, have had their same staff throughout the time the hotel has been running, and certainly the people I saw there looked as though they would remain. Oxford is known to be relaxing, but airiness was a note forcibly struck in Bardwell Court, with its wide corridors, cool lounges and general air of freshness.

In the next road you will find another hotel which, while not of the "private flat type, offers you a seclusion and privacy that is not always easy to find in a busy city. At Linton Lodge it is difficult to believe that you are living in a town at all, so peaceful and countrified are your surroundings. Mrs. Retey takes a pride in her garden, and its colourful loveliness earns the admiration of all who see it. The house, which stands a little back from Linton Road, looks as though it had "grown" in the country and been transplanted to a town. Its high-ceilinged rooms and general feeling of space make you think of downland and fresh breezes, rather than petrol fumes and motor buses.

Apart from the obvious material comforts of these two hotels, Oxford itself is a "beauty spot," and for those who save their petrol and make occasional exploring trips, the loveliest of Cotswold villages, Bibury, Burford, Chipping Campden, are all near by.

For anyone who wants to explore the Cotswold country, but finds Oxford as a headquarters too relaxing, there is an excellent hotel in the little town of Banbury.

Though it is a long time since anyone rode into Banbury on a white horse, its broad, tree-lined streets see fresh travellers every day. If you come down either of the slopes that lead into the town from Chipping Norton or from Oxford, the Cross in the centre of the town is the first thing to catch your eye, and probably also the notice which bids you keep to the left of it. The instigators of that notice were observing the rule of the road, but there is a far better reason for keeping left-handed—Whately Hall Hotel is on that side.

The dining-room, with its stone mullioned windows, is panelled in the same way as the hall; the broad main stairway has exquisitely carved balustrades which are a joy to behold. Bedroom ceilings are criss-crossed with ancient beams, and it is only soft carpets, modern beds and running hot and cold water that bring you back to the present day with a jerk. You get a pleasant surprise, too, when you go into the garden. A walled-in half-acre is about all you get in the case of many an hotel to be found in a town, but here wide lawns, intersected by flagged paths, stretch from the back of the house; tall trees, flowering shrubs, and a rose garden add colour and fragrance.

According to an old sixteenth-century verse, Banbury is a "goodly, faire, Market town, famous for cakes and Zeale." I am not sure what Zeale may be, but if the writer had lived to-day he would undoubtedly be referring to the energy which is put into the quietly effective running of the Whately Hall Hotel.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. S. H., Leicester. — You have set me rather a poser this morning; hotels in and around the Leicester area are not easy to find. There is a very nice place near Oundle, Manor Farm Hotel, Fotheringay, which I think you would like, or what about Warwickshire? The William and Mary at Stratford on Avon is extremely comfortable.

L. M., Folkestone.—The choice of hotels in Torquay is very wide indeed; if you are looking for the five-star type of place I should go to the Grand. It is near the station, overlooking the Bay, and ideally comfortable in every way. If you prefer to be a little way back from the sea, however, I should try Lincombe Hall Hotel, known as the Garden Hotel of Torquay because of its beautiful flowers and exceptionally well-kept gardens.

B. J. R., London.—You ask for a quiet hotel in or near Exeter; I should like you to try the Royal Clarence, in Exeter itself. It is a delightful eighteenth-century house, but with twentieth-century modernities inside. The cooking, the cellar and the beds are all first class.

O. C., Newcastle.—I think an ideal place for you would be a new hotel open just outside Oxford, called Kenya, Boar's Hill, run by Mrs. Mainwaring.

R. S. D., Nottingham.—In view of the fact that you are looking for sunshine and water I don't think you will better, somewhere round the River Thames, and I think any of the following four places should suit you: Harleyford Manor, near Marlow; Fisherman's Retreat, Marlow; Moulsford Manor, Moulsford, and Mead Corner, Moulsford.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

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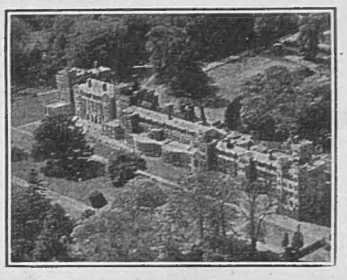

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Telegrams, Fortfield, Sidmouth Telephone, Sidmouth 39

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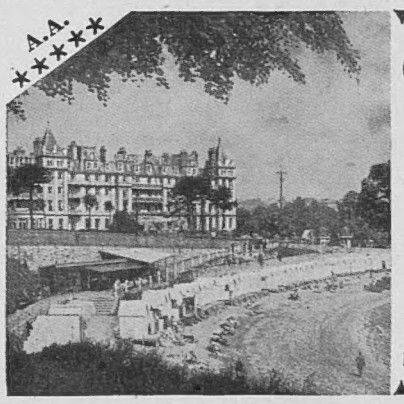

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A haven of content and character for a week-end or longer in the fold of the Sussex downs. Noted in particular for its cooking, and its home-made cakes, as well as for the discerning people who repeatedly stay there. Easy access to the West Sussex Golf Club at Pulborough.

Inclusive Terms from **3⅓ Gns.**

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Free from alarms, with full scope for excursions

Spend your much needed and long delayed holiday at the comfortable

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A recognised headquarters for the Highlands

Advertise Our Freedom!

Advertising has again proved itself in this war. It has encouraged the wise use of food. It has stimulated war savings. It has enthused farmers and gardeners to dig for victory. Facilitated evacuation schemes: emphasized "go to it": and so on. All good work: what more can advertising do, now?

On practical matters, the public is well informed. Reiteration, an advertising fundamental, has assisted the quick absorption of the mass of instruction and advice issued by the Government.

On a thousand and one points, from how to preserve fruit to "what to do if the invader comes," a vast pool of common knowledge has been established. Is it possible that, with so many instructions to take in, the public, the masses, may have become dulled to the central issue, that we fight for Freedom and our way of life?

Within recent weeks we have been startled and even a little embarrassed as sympathisers, Dorothy Thompson and others, have told us that there is something lofty and precious in what, to us, is simply British every-day life.

Our conception of Freedom is bred in us, a heritage accepted without question, and rarely given a second thought. Are we fully awake to the fact that it is now the first thought and the very core of the vast activity that surrounds us?

G. S. Royds Ltd. suggest the next task of advertising may well be to persuade the people in this people's war to re-evaluate Freedom so that what is now a cause may have the fire of a crusade.

The headlines of such an advertising campaign have long been written, in terms of the rights of Britons. They cover

—small things, the right to play cricket on the village green, simply as a pastime.

—larger things, the right of labour to its trades unions.

— personal things, the right of citizens to "secret" guilds of benevolence, to be Freemasons, Buffaloes or Oddfellows.

—vital things, the right to free speech and a free press.

And, beyond these, the right to home life within the State: the right to spiritual belief and the freedom to exercise it in church, chapel, synagogue or mosque.

It is true that many channels of propaganda are devoted to reminders of what freedom means, but what freedom means cannot be reiterated too often. Let advertising now be used to "thrice-arm" us—through reminders of the bases of our quarrel. Having familiarised the details of our defences, let advertising establish the spiritual fundamentals of our attack.

HOW ADVERTISERS CAN HELP

Many great national advertisers whose branded goods are no longer available to the public are alert to the need of name publicity, at least, to maintain their goodwill.

G. S. Royds Ltd. suggest that they should denote a sum to an advertising fund at the disposal of all Government departments, the one condition being that advertising space so purchased should bear an acknowledgment in small letters at the foot.

Generous leads in this direction have already been given by, among others, the Brewers' Society. Goodwill advertising so planned would have a double claim to the goodwill of the public.

This Announcement is issued by

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